LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
JUL 11 1990
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
BX
8795
.P5
W47
1987

# *Women in American Protestant Religion 1800–1930*

*A thirty-six volume reprint collection demonstrating the breadth and diversity of the roles played by women in American religion.*

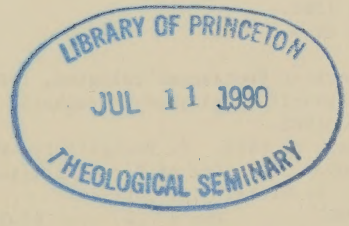
EDITED BY
*Carolyn De Swarte Gifford*
Coordinator of the Women's History Project
General Commission on Archives and History
United Methodist Church

CONSULTING EDITOR
*Donald W. Dayton*
Northern Baptist Theological Seminary

*A Garland Series*

# *Looking Back from Beulah*

*Alma White*




*Garland Publishing, Inc.*
New York & London 1987

This facsimile has been made from a copy in the
Denver Public Library.

For a complete list of the titles in this series,
see the final pages of this volume.

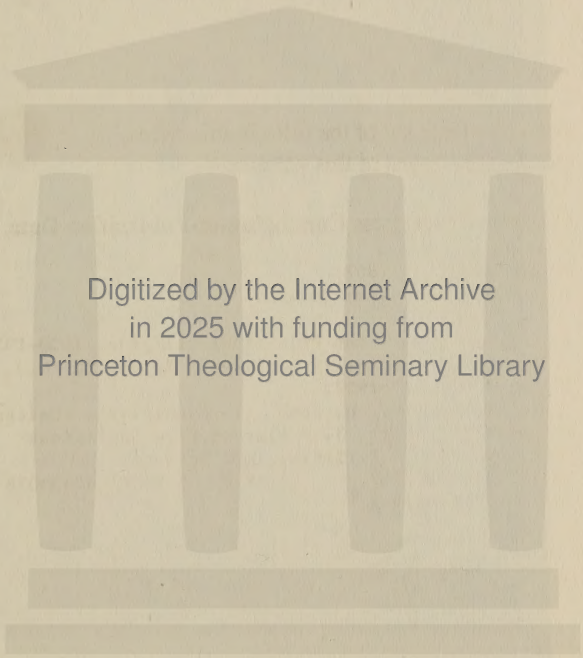
**Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data**

White, Alma, b. 1862.
Looking back from Beulah.

(Women in American Protestant religion, 1800-1930)
Reprint. Originally published: Zarephath, N.J. : Pillar of Fire, c1902.
1. White, Alma, b. 1862. 2. Evangelists--United States--Biography. 3. Pillar of Fire (Religious sect)--History. I. Title. II. Series.
BX8795.P5W47 1987 289.9 [B] 87-36038
ISBN 0-8240-0681-X

The volumes in this series are printed on
acid-free, 250-year-life paper.

Printed in the United States of America


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

https://archive.org/details/lookingbackfromb00whit

ALMA WHITE

# Looking Back From Beulah

BY

ALMA WHITE

*On the overruling and forming hand of God in the poverty and struggles of childhood and the hardships of later years; the battles, victories, and joys of the sanctified life, and the discovery of the path that led to it. The apostasy of the modern churches, with scriptural subjects and comments. Evangelistic labors.*

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls" (Jeremiah 6:16).

COPYRIGHT, 1902, by ALMA WHITE

PILLAR OF FIRE
ZARephath, NEW JERSEY
Sixth Printing 1951

To Him whom I love, who hath enriched me with a great possession, and in the midst thereof hath become the fairest of ten thousand to my soul, to whom I have dedicated all things,

## I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

To the few that are finding the narrow way and walking therein, may it be a benediction.

To the unsanctified, may it create a fear lest a promise being left them, they fail in unbelief.

To the unsaved, may it be a voice crying, Repent, Prepare to meet thy God for He cometh to judge the quick and the dead.

# INTRODUCTORY

IN THE providence of God I was sent to Vanceburg, Kentucky, the county seat of Lewis County, on the Ohio River above Cincinnati, forty-two years ago. During that year the Lord gave me four hundred glorious conversions, with some sanctifications, as the holiness movement had not yet reached Dixie-land, though I had been in the experience eight years and preaching full salvation everywhere I went, the Lord wonderfully blessing my labors. A few miles back from the river I found William Moncure Bridwell and his family, who were identified with the Methodist Church, their house open to every preacher peregrinating the country. There the Lord gave me a wonderful Pentecostal revival, gloriously saving every member of this family, including (Mollie) Alma, the seventh child of eleven children, one of seven sisters, and who became the founder of the Pillar of Fire Church and the first woman bishop.

I saw in the Bridwell family an intellectual and spiritual brilliancy which promised light to the world, and blessings on the unborn generations, and consequently proceeded at once by the help of the Lord to get the family located at Millersburg, Bourbon County, Kentucky, where were located the Millersburg Female College and the Kentucky Wesleyan College.

I built me a house at Millersburg that I might educate my eldest son for missionary work in China; but the Lord, in His good providence, took him to

heaven, whither he went with a shout, testifying to all that he wanted China, but would much rather have heaven. This opened the way for me to exchange my house for mountain land in Lewis County owned by the Bridwells, and in this house the family lived several years while in the prosecution of their education, after which they migrated to the great West, centralizing at Denver, Colorado.

God signally put His hand on Alma and used her to launch the Pillar of Fire Church, which has astonished the world by its aggressiveness, having more missionaries than any other church in the world in proportion to its membership, reaching out from the Atlantic to the Pacific. At this writing (1919) she has crossed the ocean twenty-six times in the interest of God's kingdom; actually girdling the world with her missionaries.

In addition to her evangelistic labors she edits six periodicals and is the author of many books, her autobiography just now getting out, and you cannot do without it in your home, as it will bless you and prove an inspiration to your unborn children. The Pillar of Fire Church, in the providence of God launched through the humble instrumentality of our elect Sister, is perfectly orthodox; no leader but Jesus, no guide but the Holy Ghost, and no authority but the precious Word, the most aggressive Christian organization of today.

Rev. W. B. Godbey, A.M., D.D.

# CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

Conviction and Conversion . . . . . 9

CHAPTER II

The Inward Conflict—Trials in School . 27

CHAPTER III

Leaving Home . . . . . 44

CHAPTER IV

Teaching in Montana—Incidental Experiences . . . . . 59

CHAPTER V

Back to Kentucky and Return to Montana —Missionary in Utah—Severe Trials . 76

CHAPTER VI

Last Year as a Teacher—A School Election —Trials and Triumphs . . . . . 98

CHAPTER VII

Denver—Marriage—Struggles Against Worldliness . . . . . 112

CHAPTER VIII

Lamar—Pastor's Wife—Furnace of Affliction 122

CHAPTER IX

A Mountain Charge—Heart Cry for Purity 147

CHAPTER X

Consecration and Sanctification . . . . 163

CHAPTER XI

The Bible a New Book . . . . . 179

CHAPTER XII

The Bible a New Book (Continued) . . . 195

CHAPTER XIII

Healing for the Body—Revival Fires on Erie Charge . . . . . 209

CHAPTER XIV

The Boulder Conference—In Evangelistic Work—Bible Subjects and Comments 233

CHAPTER XV

Remarkable Experiences . . . . . 257

CHAPTER XVI

Box Elder, Black Hollow, and Other Revivals 279

CHAPTER XVII

Opening of the Pentecostal Mission . . . 295

CHAPTER XVIII

Leadville Conference and Mission Work . . 311

CHAPTER XIX

Faith Experiences . . . . . 327

CHAPTER XX

Meeting at Paris, Kentucky—Shut Out at Pleasant View—Christ as Redeemer, Heavenly Bridegroom, and Coming King—The Tribulation . . . . . 339

CHAPTER XXI

On the Pacific Coast—Tokens of God's Favor—Organization of Pillar of Fire Church . . . . . 365

THE HOLLY SCHOOL HOUSE WHERE I WAS CONVERTED IN 1878

VIEWS OF MY CHILDHOOD HOME

# LOOKING BACK FROM BEULAH

## CHAPTER I

### Conviction and Conversion

HEN nine years of age, I became deeply convicted of sin while listening to a conversation one evening in my home. My father and mother, and some relatives, were talking about eternity and the punishment of the wicked. One dark picture after another was drawn, and while standing some distance from them, apparently unnoticed, I was so overcome with fear I trembled from head to foot. When at last I was reminded that it was my bedtime I reluctantly left the room, longing to unburden my heart to someone. Daylight was anxiously looked for with the hope that it would bring relief, but when it came it did not lift the heaviness from my soul.

My parents lived in Lewis County, Kentucky, on the Kinniconick, nine miles from Vanceburg. The nearest church was five miles away. For two years after the time conviction settled down upon me I had no opportunity to attend a meeting, yet I had such concern about my soul that at times I suffered greatly.

Mother was familiar with many of the old Methodist hymns, and often sang them while about her work and before retiring at night. The following hymn of Wesley's on the final account made a great impression on me:

"And must I be to Judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

"Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

"Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

"If now Thou standest at the door,
O let me feel Thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at Thy bar appear."

The hymns mother sang were the only sermons I heard. They were used by the Holy Spirit to keep me under conviction. Among them were: "Come, humble sinner, in whose breast"; "There is a spot to me more dear"; and "Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive."

I meditated on these and other hymns day and night, and asked mother to buy a book for me so I could learn them. She had so many things to look after that my request went unheeded. Having no one else to go to I made up my mind that God would answer prayer, and knelt down and asked Him for the book. Two weeks later I went to visit my eldest sister. In the evening when her husband returned from town he threw a beautiful, leather-bound hymn book into my lap, with the remark, "I thought we needed a hymn book here." I was delighted with this book, and much of my time was spent at their home memorizing hymns.

Two years elapsed. A revival meeting was in progress in an adjoining neighborhood. My father, eldest brother, and two sisters were converted in this meeting. I had the opportunity of going only twice. The service I

attended I went forward to the altar, and the next evening joined the church on probation, but no real change of heart was experienced, and my soul languished in darkness, more miserable than before. Having been encouraged by receiving a hymn book in answer to prayer, I prayed for a Bible also.

While I attended our district school some time later, the teacher, Miss Anna Harris, came to me and said, "I find you are going to win the prize in your spelling class." This was a surprise to me, for one of my sisters who was in the same class was a much better speller than I. The prize was to be either a Bible or an album, and she asked me which I preferred. Of course, I told her I would much rather have a Bible.

On the last day of school the teacher placed a beautiful, gilt-edged Bible in my hand. I valued it more than anything I had ever possessed and devoted all my spare moments to reading it. I read and re-read the first four books of the New Testament and committed to memory many verses and all of the fourteenth chapter of St. John.

My probation in the church had drawn to

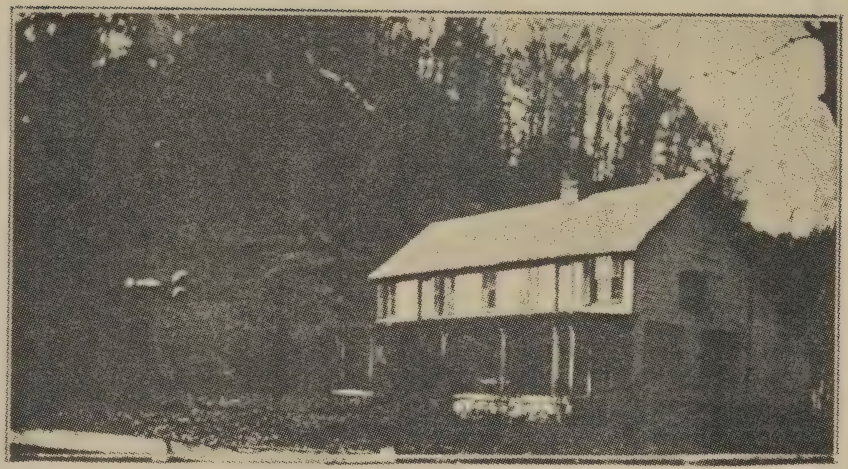
a close, and I was now baptized and taken into full membership. I had lived in the hope that peace would come to my soul at this time, but was sadly disappointed. The vows that I had taken and the water baptism brought me no change of heart. Now that I had been accepted as a member I supposed that everyone thought I was a Christian, but too well I knew better. Jesus denounced hypocrites. He and John the Baptist called them a "generation of vipers"; and something kept saying "hypocrite" to me. There were rattlesnakes and vipers in that part of Kentucky, and the thought of being compared to them was humiliating and depressing.

The Methodist preacher visited our home occasionally, but he never spoke to me about my soul. Emery, my eldest brother, was taken down with typhoid fever, and for weeks his life was in the balances. He was not making any profession of religion, and the thought of his being lost nearly distracted me. There were times while he was ill that my heart was so heavy I could not sleep, and I had but little appetite for food. He was a member of the church, but even though he had been converted

I was convinced he was a backslider. I watched him very closely and wondered why other members of the family were not more concerned about his soul. One Sunday morning I ran all the way to the home of my eldest sister without being sent, to tell her that Emery was worse. She did not manifest the sorrow that I expected her to, and I went back weeping.

When I arrived at my brother's bedside I found an old German neighbor there. He turned away, shook his head and groaned. I understood what this meant. The Rev. S. G. Pollard, our pastor, had not called, and I wondered why Mother did not send for him.

The next morning Emery was still no better, but I felt that something was going to be done that day in his behalf. Later I looked down the road and saw our preacher coming on horseback. Soon he was at my brother's bedside reading the Bible and praying. He read the 103d Psalm, and when he had finished the third verse, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases," every muscle in my brother's face quivered, and his countenance changed. This left a lasting impression upon me. I was satisfied that the Lord



HOME OF MY ELDEST SISTER

had reclaimed him at that moment. Mother's tears were flowing and the preacher looked pleased. I should have stayed and asked the preacher to pray for me, too. I did not realize that I was quenching the Spirit. After this, and until Emery was restored to health, all concern about his soul left me. I knew that if it were God's will to call him away, his sins were forgiven and he would go to heaven.

My greatest concern now was about my own spiritual condition. I would willingly have chosen sickness if through it the desired change could have been brought about in my heart. I knew of no one to whom I could go for help or advice, and no one was concerned about me. The world and its pleasures had no attraction for me while in this state of mind. Much of the time I was silent, and as a result was often accused of pouting or of being sullen, by people who did not understand me or the cause of my suffering.

Two years more of trial and heart-anguish had passed when, on a Sunday afternoon, with my brother and older sisters I attended quarterly meeting at Northcutt chapel, seven miles

away. The Rev. Mr. Northcutt, the presiding elder, for whom the chapel was named, preached the sermon. He took for his text the eighteenth chapter of Proverbs, the twenty-fourth verse: "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." I felt that every word he spoke was intended for me. Near the close of the sermon he related an incident of how a person had neglected salvation and died without hope. Kind friends had ministered to his wants and had done all that loving hearts and hands could do to comfort him in his dying hours; but before breathing his last, instead of angels coming to bear him away on their white pinions, demons were present to escort him to the black chambers of despair.

As the preacher described the horrors of the dying man, an unseen power took hold of me: I sat motionless, wishing an altar call might be made and that someone would help me to go forward, but to my disappointment no invitation was given.

It would be impossible to tell what I suffered after reaching home. I sought places of seclusion where I could breathe out my soul to God. Often in the night hours deliverance

seemed near, but Satan would whisper, "If you get converted you will shout and awaken everybody in the house." And thus I was kept in constant fear, knowing how much out of the ordinary it would be for a person in our home to shout and to praise the Lord.

My father invited the Rev. J. S. Sims, a minister of the M. E. Church, South, to preach in our schoolhouse. Here a class was formed and our membership recorded. Mr. Sims was a young college graduate and preached good sermons, but lacked spiritual power. On his left hand he wore a gold ring. I marveled at his disregard of the Scriptures and the Methodist Discipline, which forbade the wearing of gold. The enemy used this ring to distract my thoughts from spiritual things. I wondered who the fortunate (?) young woman would be on whose finger this ring would be placed. Soon a girl of my own age was wearing it, and a few months later became the child-bride of our pastor. The very fact that this preacher fell in love with a fifteen-year-old girl and married her within a few months after being sent to this charge was sufficient proof to me that he was not a converted man. His college educa-

tion had failed to fit him for the ministry, and it was evident that if he had ever had salvation he had lost it. The young woman he married made no profession of Christianity. All that could be said of her was that she was a church member. This man has filled many important pulpits and positions in the Kentucky Conference and remains until this day spiritually dead.

When he came to our charge, Mr. Sims promised to hold a protracted meeting for us. In the course of time the services were begun but after preaching three evenings he closed, giving no particular reason for doing so. After he left the charge the Rev. J. M. Carter, another young college preacher, was sent to us. He proved to have less ability than his predecessor and my hope for a revival was again blasted. I had no regrets when he left.

The Lord had answered my prayers for a hymn book and a Bible, and had saved my brother and raised him from a bed of sickness, and I believed prayer would be answered for a preacher to come who would hold special revival services, giving the people a chance to seek the Lord. I was not disappointed. Mr. Carter's

successor was the Rev. W. B. Godbey, since known as a world-famed author and evangelist. He began meetings in our neighborhood November 5, 1878. I was away from home and did not attend the first service. The second evening I went forward with others on the first invitation. Our hired man, whom I thought to be very wicked because he attended balls and places of worldly amusement, knelt near me. After a short struggle he leaped to his feet shouting. On the other side of me was a worldly neighbor girl who went to shows and dances. She broke through and began to praise God for deliverance from sin. These conversions were a great surprise to me. I had supposed it would take them longer than it would me to find acceptance with the Lord. I had to learn that through faith in the atoning blood grace will reach as far as sin has gone, when conditions are met.

I found no relief that evening, and left the house in great distress. I could almost hear the wails of the lost, and felt that one more step would take me over the brink into the abyss below. Everything hitherto tried had failed to bring relief, and I knew now that it

was not in the power of the preacher or anyone to bring peace to my soul. All desire for food was taken from me.

The next day, as far as possible I remained out of sight. The cry of my soul was, "I must be saved tonight or be lost forever!" On entering the meeting house that evening I found the seats all taken. There were two benches near the speaker that were used for the mourners. I sat down on one of these, near the end, and held tightly to keep from falling to the floor, for I was almost prostrated under my load. The text was Romans 6:23, "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." I found breathing difficult as the preacher thundered the terrors of the law. The old serpent tightened his coils about me. Conviction settled down with such power on the congregation that some persons turned ill and went out. One of my uncles, who had been trying to be a Universalist, went out and threw up his supper, and returned. Hell was uncapped; people looked into it and became desperately sick of their wages. The call for seekers brought many to the altar. Demons were clutching at my

heartstrings as I sank to the floor. A sister in the church came to talk to me, but I wished to be alone. When she left, the preacher came and knelt at my side and asked me to repeat the following familiar lines, from which he thought I might receive benefit:

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do."

My reply to him was that I had repeated them over and over. I felt that the Savior was far away and could not hear me; I was so inwardly absorbed and crushed I could scarcely hear the voice of the preacher, who was speaking in his usual tone. Trying to arouse me from this death-like stupor, he said, "Daughter, will you take Jesus for your Prophet, Priest, and King: your Prophet to teach you, your Priest to forgive you, and your King to rule over you?" I told him that this was the desire of my heart. He asked me then to rise to my feet. I said, "I must be saved tonight, and I cannot leave the bench until the work is done, if I have to stay until morning." "But you have taken Jesus, have you not?" I hestitated, but finally

said, "Yes." He helped me to rise to my feet. Instantly my burden rolled away, my heart opened, and heaven came down and filled and thrilled me until my whole being was tremulous with new life. The power of the Holy Spirit was so great upon me I was unable to stand without support. Everybody around me seemed to be changed; the faces of some were radiant with light, while others were very dark. Some said, "Shout"; others said, "Sing"; but all I could do was to laugh, wondering if heaven could be any better. A young man who apparently had been unmoved until this time turned to Mother and said, "I can never doubt again after seeing the change in your daughter." Three days later he was converted. On the way home that night my heart sang:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

"Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be."

I understood for the first time the song that

the heavenly host sang over the Babe of Bethlehem, and felt that I could vie with them in singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The night was full of melody—all things seemed to be praising God. Even the whippoorwill, with its doleful notes that had formerly brought such gloomy forebodings, now united with my soul in singing praises to my King.

## CHAPTER II

### The Inward Conflict—Trials in School

N the Sunday afternoon following my conversion I was in the house with my little brother Charles, and while I sat by the fire reading the Bible the old accuser brought some thoughts to my mind. Frightened by them I rose, hastened to a back room and dropped on my knees in prayer. "You have lost salvation," said Satan; "you were seven years seeking Christ and it will be seven years more before you are reclaimed." Bewildered by this sudden onslaught of the enemy, and with a humiliating sense of the long struggle I had had in seeking salvation, the thought of having to repeat it filled my soul for a moment with inexpressible agony. In this my first conflict the Lord quickly came to my rescue and

in the realm of my soul struck the keynote of victory. The following hymn proved to be an effectual weapon:

"Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

"Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

"Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh."

I remembered that the scripture says, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." I said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and again the dove of peace rested upon my soul, and I wept for joy. From that hour the Christian warfare began, and trials and besetments awaited me on every hand.

My oldest sister at home was not in sympathy with me and often my presence annoyed her. I sought to please her in every way I could, but failed. When I could have a little

time to myself, the hymn book and Bible were my constant companions. If I sang she complained about the noise, and if she found me reading the Bible she would want me to do some work or go on an errand for her. Satan worked through her continually to put stumblingblocks in my way. While the injustice of her complaints was evident to all, but little sympathy was awakened for me in the hearts of other members of the family. My parents were in the habit of letting her have her way rather than to cross her will. Mother had done so in order to avoid contention, and father would take her part when she went to him with her troubles.

This unequal balance in our home put me in a school of experience and was used of God to reveal the root of inbred sin in my own heart. It required a continual effort to be an overcomer when there was so much coming against me. I knew that I should love those who persecuted me and used me despitefully, and succeeded by the help of the Lord in preventing any bitterness from creeping into my heart.

We lived on a farm on which my father

operated a tannery. There were seven sisters of us and three brothers, and only one brother at this time was old enough to be of any help with the work. Since I had what was supposed to be a strong constitution the heavy burdens fell upon me. My strength was often taxed to its limit lifting heavy loads, frequently sacks of grain, which injured the blood vessels, and thus the foundation was laid for years of suffering. Lida, who was three and a half years my senior, was proud and ambitious. Her aspirations were entirely different from mine, and things did not always run smoothly between us. Rather than strive, I suffered in silence, knowing that the Bible says, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Mother often said that I would not take my own part. At times there were uprisings in my heart which required a determined effort to keep down.

There was much concern about our education. As Father considered my sisters more talented than I, he often remarked that it would be more profitable to send them to school than to send me. I had been to the public school only a few terms in all my life, while my sisters and

brother had not only attended regularly, but at different times had been sent to a seminary at Vanceburg. One day my mother said the way was opening for me to go to the seminary. This time father made no objections, and in less than a fortnight, with my two older sisters I was in school at Vanceburg. For some time I had looked forward to such an event and studied hard to prepare for it, often burning the midnight oil over my books. My great desire was to become a school teacher. I wanted to do good teaching and also to earn some money to help pay my way in school and have something to give to my parents.

Change of location and close application to study caused me to neglect prayer and the reading of God's word, and I soon discovered that some of the joy had gone from my heart. In the first conflict with the enemy three days after my conversion he had tried to throw me suddenly from the track. Now he tried the gradual process, and had well-nigh succeeded before I was awakened to my danger.

The principal of the school noticed that I was depressed and tried in every way to cheer me up; but as he knew nothing of the real cause

of my trouble he did not succeed. He asked some of the girl students to take me out to the hill to gather wild flowers and make me laugh, if possible. But of course this was no remedy for a famishing soul.

Natural timidity caused me much suffering in school, and the principal said I must overcome it or progress in my studies would be greatly hindered. But in spite of all efforts to be an overcomer I failed to break my bands and get the freedom I so much desired.

At the close of the term my sisters and I returned home for the summer. I had planned to take the teachers' examination in July and knew it would be necessary to put in all the time possible in preparation. Two weeks before the examination the Rev. W. B. Godbey announced special services to begin in a near-by neighborhood. To take the time to attend these meetings I feared would cost me a certificate, but after taking it to the Lord in prayer it was made plain what to do. This scripture was given to me: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Be not therefore anxious for the morrow, for the morrow will

be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" (Matt. 6:33, 34, R. V.). Great peace came with the decision to first look after the welfare of my soul by attending the services. In doing this I was wonderfully uplifted and blest, and later had the help and favor of God in getting a good certificate. An older sister who was better educated was badly in need of spiritual help, but she sacrificed the meetings in the interest of a certificate and failed in the examination.

In this revival I won some important victories. "Uncle Gus" Frizell, as he was called, a saint with snow-white hair and beard, came from Black Bottom, above Vanceburg, to attend the meetings. He often led the prayer and praise service. He asked me on a certain day if I would pray that evening if he should call on me. The question was unexpected, and before I had the time to collect my thoughts I told him that I had said I would never refuse if asked to pray. He was delighted; and though I was frightened and tried to tell him that I did not intend to give him a decisive answer, he would not accept a further explanation or allow me to retract what I had said. To refuse

now would be to lay down the cross and I could not do this, knowing it would be perilous. I therefore proceeded to put a few sentences together and memorize them for the occasion.

That evening when called upon to pray my mind became a blank, and for a moment I was speechless. Then, opening my mouth in an effort to pray, the Holy Spirit came to my help and made intercession through my lips, astonishing me more than anyone else. While praying, a picture came before me of human beings sporting on the edge of a precipice, ready to be dashed into an awful abyss below. Forgetting myself, I cried to God in their behalf. Fear and timidity were swept away and my soul mounted heavenward. Hallelujah! I had learned the secret of praying in the Spirit and openly addressing God, and did not have to commit my prayers. "Uncle Gus" did not call upon me in the preliminary service, but waited until after the heart-searching sermon had been preached. There were sobs and groans from the penitents kneeling at the altar after I prayed.

The next day the preacher said, "Daughter, you made a wonderful prayer." I tried to tell

him I was not responsible for the prayer, and did not know how to give expression to my thoughts. He smiled and said, "God bless you," and went on his way. My cup was running over with joy all day, for another battle had been fought and the victory won, though no one but Jesus knew how great had been the conflict.

The school directors in the county were engaging their teachers for the fall and winter terms. With more teachers than there were schools, there was but little chance of my getting a position. I had heard of an out-of-the way district among the hills, where different teachers had commenced to teach but had failed to finish their terms. Though the school was by no means a desirable one, I asked the Lord to give it to me. I applied and succeeded in getting it. No boarding place could be found nearer than three miles from the schoolhouse, and the road was rough and hilly. When I became weary on these long walks I would often sit down to rest. Two little sisters who accompanied me would run ahead and gather wild flowers. Innocent and playful, I would find them cosily seated in some nook or ravine waiting

for me. They would show their love and sympathy when they knew I was weary, by giving me their prettiest flowers.

There were many poisonous serpents among the rocks, for which we were continually on the lookout. The Holy Spirit made it clear to me that my Christian life would be much like the road up and down these hills—rough, long, and beset with venomous reptiles, yet occasionally cheered by love's bright faces and fragrant flowers.

The schoolhouse was an old long cabin with a puncheon floor. There was a fireplace, one window, and a few rough benches. I opened the school each morning with prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. The first day of the term there were twenty-two pupils in attendance among whom were two young men. One of them brought a message from his father, Anthony Evans, an elderly member of the school board, requesting me not to teach his children that the earth is round, that he had heard enough of that nonsense. The young man said he thought "Pa was a little off." I went to see Mr. Evans and soon was able to gain his confidence, and he finally consented to

my teaching what he called the "new theory."

In this school I learned valuable lessons, especially that of endurance. I remembered the Scripture says that if we are faithful over a few things, we shall be made ruler over many things (Matt. 25:21).

At the close of the three months' term of school I had fifty dollars coming to me. Instead of permitting me to spend the money as I had planned, Mother took it and used it in making preparations to move. The Reverend W. B. Godbey, our pastor, had advised my parents to move to Millersburg, Kentucky, that the younger members of the family might have the advantage of the Methodist colleges located at that place. I had but few regrets in taking the last look at the old home where my life had been so full of loneliness and toil. I could not then appreciate its many advantages, as I did in after years.

In March, 1880, the trip of seventy miles through the country to Millersburg was made by the family in a covered wagon, after our goods had been shipped ahead by the river and railroad. On our arrival at this proud little city we were invited to spend a few days at the

Female College. During our stay, I heard the young women talking about their lessons in literature, art, music, the languages, science, and so forth, and it started anew my thirst for knowledge. Oh, how it thrilled me, and how I longed to be studying, too!

A short distance from the town Bro. Godbey was building a house on a seven-acre lot. The lumber for the house had been sawed and shipped from mountain land my father owned in Lewis County. Here the preacher's family was to live while his son James attended the Kentucky Wesleyan College, a school for young men located in the outskirts of Millersburg. "Jimmie" was an apt linguist and was preparing for missionary work in China. After attending the school for a short time he took quick consumption and died. He was sanctified a few days before his death and took his departure from this world in the first glow of this new experience. A remarkable scene took place at his bedside, which my mother and a sister witnessed. The Spirit came upon his father, and he, victorious over his loss, shouted his son to the other shore.

Our old home place on the Kinniconick in

Lewis County was then exchanged for the Godbey property, and a few months later we moved into the new house vacated by the preacher's family. After attending the Female College for nearly a year, I stopped to teach. The board of directors offered me the school in the district in which we lived—one of the best paying schools in the county and sought after by the most accomplished teachers.

I had the help of the Lord in obtaining a first-grade certificate, which was necessary to secure the school.

During the summer of 1881, previous to my teaching this school, Aunt Eliza Mason, who lived in Montana, came to visit us. Two of my sisters, Lida and Nora, were favorites of hers. A few days after her arrival at our home I overheard her say that she wanted to take one of them back to Montana with her. Mother assured her that neither of them could be induced to go so far from home, and that Mollie Alma would be more likely to go than any of her other daughters. My aunt said she would prefer one of my sisters, but rather than have no one go, she would take me.

I had passed through one of the greatest

trials of my life the day she arrived. Mother and I had gone to Carlisle, the county seat of Nicholas, in a carriage, to do some shopping, and while driving the horse I silently wept all the way there and back. In the morning when I was getting ready to go, one of my elder sisters, who at the last moment had decided she wanted to go in my place, came into the room. I held in my hand an artificial rose that belonged to her, which I intended to wear. When she found that I had not given up the trip she snatched the rose from me, crushed it in her hand, and threw it on the floor. This opened my wounds afresh and started the blood to flowing from my heart. Mother did not reprove her and this added to my grief and made me feel that home ties were gradually being severed, and a separation of some kind was awaiting me in the near future.

For three years the Lord had been preparing me for this by permitting some very trying experiences with different members of the family, in which Mother had usually favored me; but now she had changed and there was no one to whom I could look for sympathy or help.

When Aunt Eliza returned to Montana.

she went with the understanding that I would come after I had taught the district school in our neighborhood.

The will of God was made very plain to me. He spoke to me as He did to Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." If the Lord can have His way with His children when kinsfolk are a hindrance, He will place them in new environments where they can serve Him without encountering so many obstacles. Satan uses human ties and relationships more successfully than any other means to defeat people in the Christian life. The scripture says, "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. 3:-2-3). The worship and adoration of Christ must be supreme, and then human ties and relationships will be properly adjusted.

There is no subject in the Bible upon which more light is given than that of kinsfolk, yet how few people are willing to make the sacrifice to have Christ reign supreme in their hearts! It is difficult to make new converts understand,

especially the young, that human affections often make parents and loved ones the worst foes of those who are trying to serve the Lord. When people turn their backs upon the world to follow Christ, they have enough to do to keep their eyes on Him and to make the race, without being dictated to by relatives who are unwilling to reliquish their claims upon them. It is impossible to serve two masters. One can readily see how the love of a mother can hinder a child who has chosen a course of life entirely different from her own plans, as must necessarily be the case when the lone way of the cross is taken.

On her return to Montana my aunt engaged the spring term of the Bannack public school for me at sixty dollars a month. This was nearly twice as much as I had been receiving in Kentucky, and was quite an inducement for me to go; but the great desire of my heart was to be used of the Lord as a missionary in that new country. From the moment of my conversion I had believed that my life would be spent in a special way in the Lord's service, but I had supposed that my only opportunity would be in some foreign mission

field, since the Methodist Church had made no provision for women to preach. That this opening was of God I could not doubt, and believed it to be the first step to a life of usefulness in the Lord's vineyard.

For a time I kept my plans from my mother and father, knowing it would be difficult for them to let me go. I feared they might block my way; and if we had not been in great financial straits no doubt they would have done so. They did not take it seriously when I spoke to Aunt Eliza about going. At last I told them and they took it very hard, but placed no obstructions in my way. Mother did some sewing for me and helped me to get off. I gave Father the money to purchase my ticket ($106.-85), which I had earned teaching school. The resignation he and Mother showed regarding my going, although they were in deep grief, helped me greatly. But one of my elder sisters was relentless and sullen, showing me no favors whatsoever, not so much as bidding me good-by. It was she who had crushed the rose after snatching it from my hand the day my aunt arrived from Montana.

## CHAPTER III

### Leaving Home

N the 20th of March, 1882, at half past three in the afternoon, I started on my long journey, my destination being Bannack, Montana. I was yet in my teens, and previous to this had made only two trips on steamboats and a few short trips on railroad trains. When I stepped into the carriage and started to the station, I looked back and saw Mother standing on the porch. No stronger tie between mother and daughter had ever existed than that between my mother and me until two years previous to my departure, when a noticeable change had taken place which I had keenly felt. I knew her heart was now heavy because of my going away, but I promised her before leaving not to get married until she saw me

again, and that, God willing, I would return within two years.

In less than an hour after boarding the train I reached Cynthiana, Kentucky, where Aunt Martha Grinnan, my father's only living sister, was waiting for me at the station. She said, "Child, I would rather see you buried than to have you take this trip, for then I would know where your corpse lay. You know nothing of this wicked world, and your parents have shown but little wisdom to let you start on such a journey alone." I tried to comfort her by telling her that I was not alone; that my Savior was with me and would never leave nor forsake me. She had never experienced Christianity and could not comprehend my words.

After the train started I could no longer restrain my tears, and during the next few minutes my whole life passed in a panorama before me. I saw how the providence of God had overruled and worked out for my good all the hardships and struggles that I had gone through in the past. It was a wonderful experience, in which my life was seen in flashes, yet so distinct and perfect were the shifting scenes that they will never be effaced from

memory. This experience closed with a vision of Mother's pale face on the veranda and Father's troubled look when he tremblingly bade me good-by at the station.

It was hard to leave my little brother Charles, as he pitifully looked at me through his tears as I drove away. I knew, as did others, that when he was in his infancy God had set him apart to preach the Gospel. Soon there would be two thousand miles between us. All this came with full force against my soul, and following it thoughts of the future life in the Wild West occupied my mind.

The great Rocky Mountain region would bring new experiences. I had heard many stories of western life, and when my Aunt Eliza had told of the hostilities of the Indians I knew I should have to consecrate my life for sacrifice, if necessary, to be a missionary in such a country. There had been so many dark pictures drawn of cowboys, Indians, Mormons, pickpockets, and fiends with traps for girls, that at times my heart almost failed me. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give

**SUNSET ON THE ROCKIES**

unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Seven years before, I had committed to memory the 14th chapter of St. John, in which these verses are found, and had often been comforted by them, but never did they come to me with such meaning as now. Not to be troubled, nor afraid, nor left comfortless! He would give, but not as the world giveth! Wonderful words! Earth has never heard such a farewell as this spoken by Jesus to His disciples. Surely these are the sweetest words ever spoken in a world where friends must part.

On the omnibus at Covington, when we were about to cross the Ohio River and Kentucky was just about to recede from my view, a bold young man crowded me in the seat. There was no necessity for this, as there was plenty of room. The Lord helped me to rebuke him by saying that if there was not room enough for him in the coach I would see that the driver made it for him on the outside. I congratulated myself on this little act of heroism and felt strengthened for the battles ahead.

When we were nearing Indianapolis, a down-pouring rain delayed the train for twenty hours. Our coach was filled with passengers,

and my seat had to be shared with someone else.

The train reached St. Louis many hours late, so I had to spend the day in the Union Depot, and it proved to be one of the most wearisome days of my life. Great crowds were surging to and fro, and if I left my seat for a moment I was not likely to get another until an outgoing train was called. I had not slept for forty-eight hours, and went to the ticket window to secure a berth in a sleeper. With difficulty I passed through the immense throng.

I carried two pocketbooks, and in making change I left the one containing my ticket and twenty dollars in the window and did not discover what I had done until I returned to the waiting room. Then the cold perspiration stood on my brow, and my heart beat as though it would burst through its walls. Uttering a prayer to God to save me from the calamity of losing the pocketbook, I rushed back to the ticket window and found it where I had left it. A hundred hands could have picked it up and no one been the wiser.

Nothing less than a miracle had been performed in my behalf, which greatly encouraged me and increased my faith in God who had

promised never to leave me nor forsake me.

My train was at last called, the berth that I had secured was soon made ready, and I went to bed. The next morning when I awoke I learned that our train was only seventy miles from St. Louis. There we had a further delay of ten hours. After arriving at Omaha I had to wait over night for the west-bound Union Pacific train.

On reaching the desolate wastes of Wyoming a feeling of loneliness and fear came over me. At the western border of the state twenty-five cowboys boarded the train. I was the only woman in my coach, if not on the train, and my tears flowed in spite of all my efforts to restrain them. I had upset a bottle of camphor in my lunch box and had nothing that I could eat. Others were paying one dollar for meals at the railroad stations. I was afraid to leave the train to get something to eat, even if I had had plenty of money, and was greatly troubled to know what to do. I had begun to feel the pangs of hunger when a fine-appearing old gentleman who was about to leave the train took occasion to call my attention to some of the scenery along the road. Just before he

left, knowing nothing of my need, he asked me if I would accept a nice box of crackers and cheese which he had not touched. He said, "They are exceptionally nice." I took the box and thanked him. I knew the Lord had taken this way to provide for me, and my heart overflowed with gratitude to Him for His watchful care over me.

Our train was not far from Ogden, Utah, where I had been told men would stand on the platform at the station and watch for young girls with a view to making them polygamous wives. I learned afterwards that they were not so openly bold as this, except on the arrival of immigrants, Mormon converts, from foreign countries. But at the time, the thought of having a half-dozen marriage proposals at the station and being carried off bodily by some polygamist was dreadful to contemplate. There had been so many delays on the road, I hoped there would be none at this Mormon city.

Before reaching Ogden a young man with a kindly face took a seat near me. Noticing that the card on my valise was marked "Dillon, Montana," he showed me his ticket to the same railroad destination. The fear of Mormons at

Ogden partly left me when I thought that he might assist me in changing cars. On our arrival, he courteously guided me through a motley-looking crowd to the waiting room, where I learned that a washout would delay the northbound passenger train twenty-four hours. This young man took the opportunity afforded by the delay to visit Salt Lake City, and was soon on board a train for the Mormon Capital.

I secured a room in a hotel that was well recommended. While walking from the station to the hotel I was conscious that evil eyes were upon me. I engaged a room, but when about to enter it I began to tremble with fear. Lifting my heart to God in prayer I was soon composed, and retired for the night, feeling that my security was in Him.

On awaking the next morning I was more frightened than ever. Thinking that perhaps a walk around the block would give me some relief, I put on my cloak and hat and stood ready to go. As I hesitated, with an ill-foreboding, there came a knock on my door. Thinking perhaps it was the chambermaid, I summoned courage to turn the key in the lock and open the door. There before me stood a tall, well-

dressed, dark complexioned man, whom I took to be a reprobate in disguise or a polygamist. In a smooth, soft tone he requested the privilege of speaking to me. I closed the door violently in his face, locked it quickly, and then sank to the floor, terror-stricken; no words could express my feelings. "Where is your God?" the Holy Spirit whispered. I was soon weeping for joy, realizing that the eternal God was my refuge and underneath were the everlasting arms. Rising to my feet, reassured, I boldly opened the door and walked out into the hall to look for the intruder, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Another one of the old hymns that I had memorized when a young child was used of the Lord to help me at this time.

"My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

"O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

"Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

"Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode."

Only half of the passengers could be accommodated on the first train out of Ogden. Gate officers were examining the dates of the tickets and permitting only those to go who had been waiting for two days. Fearing that I should be left, I asked the Lord to touch the hearts of these men so they would let me go. After examining my ticket, one of them said, "There are others ahead of you, but you may go anyhow." With overcrowded conditions, I spent another weary night on the train. I had to sit in the first seat of the coach with my back toward the engine. In front of me were a young couple on their honeymoon going to the wilds of Montana to make their home on a ranch. The foolishness of this young man and woman annoyed me greatly, but Spartan-like, I had to endure it until I reached my destination.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STAGE

I had to stop two days at the Corrine Hotel at Dillon, waiting for the stage coach to Bannack. There was but one other passenger in the stage, a man whose name was Fox. He asked me not to mention his name at Bannack, saying he wished to stay in seclusion for a few days before meeting his sister, Mrs. George Dart, whom he had not seen for many years. When I met my aunt she described Mr. Fox and asked me if such a person had come on the stage; she said his sister was expecting him and would be disappointed if he had not come. A few minutes later I heard that this man had committed suicide in the Bannack Hotel. The grief of his sister can be better imagined than told. She now looked upon him in a suicide's blood, and trembled because of the awful sin that was upon his departed spirit. The same day a miner near Bannack was found dead in his cabin, and it was said that from all appearances he too had taken his own life. Some bitter disappointments had led to these tragic deeds, which were common occurrences in early western life. Of such persons it was said, "He died with his boots on."

Two days later the people of Bannack per-

formed for the two suicides the last sad rites that man performs for man. With my friends I attended the double funeral. While in the solemn procession to the graveyard I thought of the homes somewhere that had once been brightened with the childhood innocence of these men when they were some father's and mother's hope and joy. A remorseful soul haunted by such memories sometimes hastens to acts of desperation.

Persons who committed suicide in those early days in the far West often destroyed every trace that would lead to the discovery of their relatives, who they hoped would never hear of their awful end. Probably it was better that some of them never knew than that they should weep over the irreparable fate of brother or son. The winds among the pines sing their requiems over these poor unfortunates of the West, and the Rocky Mountains gather a drapery of shadows about their graves. Nature closes her lips and stands silently aloof, far distant from the old Eastern homes, and keeps many dark secrets of lost boys—and girls —in her bosom. I wept over the dead as they were laid away on the mountainside to await

the Judgment morn, and longed more than ever to be used of God to help rescue the perishing.

Bannack was the center of the early mining activities of Montana. Here still stood, in Hangman's Gulch above the town, the scaffold on which the Vigilantes had hanged some of the noted road agents who were the terror of the miner with his gold. They would hold him up in the crowded stage coach, or when alone with his pack-animal on some mountain trail. I saw in man, as never before, the thirst for money and the curse it brings. Many sacrifice honor and virtue to possess it, and like Judas, sell out their Christ. Paul said, "The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil; which some reaching after have been led astray from the faith, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows" (1 Timothy 6:10, R. V.).

## CHAPTER IV

### Teaching in Montana—Incidental Experiences—Masonic Ball—Card Playing

N the Monday after my arrival at Bannack I began teaching school. As had been my custom, I opened the school daily with prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. No objection had ever been made to this in the schools where I had taught in Kentucky. But I soon learned that the board of trustees here was very much displeased, and my uncle, D. B. Mason, predicted that they would make trouble for me. I continued, however, until they requested me the second time to stop.

That I had been led of the Lord and that His blessing was upon me in these opening exercises I had no doubt, but strong influence was brought to bear upon me to drop them. The

tempter said I was far from home and without money, and reminded me that the winter term and increased wages had been offered me if the trustees were pleased with my work. My relatives and others urged me to comply with the request of these ungodly men and I finally yielded, feeling I had no control over the circumstances and would not be held responsible.

I had no sooner yielded to their protest than a shadow came over my soul. The enemies of the Cross had triumphed, judging from my feelings. The children, who at the beginning of the term had been well behaved, now became unruly and some of them rebellious and defiant. I wept bitter tears, feeling that God would have come to my help had I persevered. I knew that if the trustees did not engage me to teach the winter school, my punishment would be just. I was convinced that the Lord would teach me a lesson not to be forgotten, and so it proved. The school board engaged a young man to teach the winter term and this left me without employment.

Three months later, on March 3 (1883), I was sitting on a couch by the window in my uncle's home wondering how much longer my

punishment would last. The new school teacher and a young woman, a relative of a neighbor who had recently come from the East, were in the same room engaged in a conversation which failed to interest me. Through the falling snow I saw a young man approaching the gate. He dismounted from his horse and came to the door. I opened the door but could not speak. The school teacher, seeing my confusion, invited him in. He introduced himself as Kent White, and said he had come to fill ar appointment at the Methodist church for the Rev. W. M. Van Orsdale, a pioneer evangelist who was well known at Bannack. My uncle's home was always opened to the preachers.

An experience two years before in Kentucky had somewhat prepared me for this meeting. John Wesley Harding, a well-to-do young man of good character, came to our neighborhood to drill a well. He was detained for a number of weeks. In the meantime he and his helpers stayed at our home. A friendship sprang up between him and me, but I had not sought to know God's will concerning the matter. Mr. Harding was a good Methodist and owned a blue-grass farm in Nicholas County, twenty

miles away. I was rebuked of the Lord for not consulting Him in the matter of our friendship. My sister Lida was away from home teaching school. I had a presentiment that when Mr. Harding met her his attentions to me would cease, and so it proved.

Humiliated by this sudden turn of affairs, I learned the importance of being led by the Holy Spirit in the formation of all my friendships. The searchlight was turned on my heart and I received the assurance that the Lord would choose my life's companion and save me from the hurtful love scrapes and painful uncertainties to which young people are subject when He is not consulted about such affairs.

The school teacher boarding at my uncle's home at Bannack was entertaining Mr. White when the neighbor girl beckoned me to the dining room. She said, "Now don't you fall in love with the young preacher, for I feel sure he is a married man." "No," I replied, "he is not married." "How do you know?" she asked; "he is a stranger to you." I made no reply, for indeed he was a stranger to me. I had never seen or heard of him, but it had come to me when I met him at the door that he was to be

my husband. So deeply was I impressed with this thought I stayed up nearly all night to pray.

The young minister remained at Bannack three days. Before leaving he offered to supply me with literature for a Sabbath school if I would start one in the church. I promised him to do what I could . The children assembled on the following Sunday, and not being able to get anyone to assist me, I taught them all in one class. I did this for a number of months, or until I left Bannack to teach a district school near Dillon. After this there was no one to carry on the work and the Sunday school was disbanded.

After the lesson the Lord taught me in my first experience as a school teacher in Montana, I never hesitated to open a school with the reading of the Scriptures and prayer. Later, as will be seen, I waged a battle with the enemies of the Cross in another district, and won the victory. "Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

At the close of this school, in August, 1883. I accepted an invitation to attend a Methodist conference at Butte, Montana, where I was en-

tertained by one of my uncles, then in that city.

At this conference I again met Kent White, who was making preparations to attend the University of Denver. An occasional letter had passed between us since we met at Bannack. He spent one day at Dillon on his way to Colorado, and this was the last we saw of each other for nearly two years.

During the autumn and winter following this conference, I taught a school eight miles north of Dillon, staying at the home of J. F. Bishop. Mr. Bishop was a Republican, formerly of New York. He was an interesting conversationalist and well informed in the political history of the country. In the most animated conversation he showed the true characteristics of a northern man. Well fortified in his position, he maintained his composure and never yielded a point. As a typical southerner I saw in our natures the two forces that were arrayed against each other in the Civil War, which caused the first gun to be fired at Fort Sumter bringing on the great conflict.

This was my first association with northern people. In my childhood I had been taught to look upon anyone wearing the "Lincoln blue"

as an enemy and a traitor to the South whose people at that time, after great loss of blood and property, had just staggered from the battlefield in the bitterness of defeat, facing what they considered the dreadful calamity of having a race of colored slaves freed among them.

In my old Kentucky home I had often listened to the rehearsal of the stories of war by men who had worn the gray, as they gathered around our fireside, but there was always a note of disappointment for me when reflecting on the outcome of the great struggle. Why should my people, if they were right, have had to suffer the humiliation of defeat? And should I have to go the rest of my days with painful regrets for not having been on the side of the victors? It was not many years, however, until some perplexing questions were personally settled and my mind was at rest.

The southern people believed they had been wronged by the North, and it was impossible for them to see that it was the hand of God that had broken the shackles from four millions of slaves and preserved the Union, even though at a great cost to the South. In conversation with Mr. Bishop I was still looking through

the eyeglass of one south of the Mason and Dixon line, and tried to be loyal to my bringing up. But realizing more fully that, in the ruling of Providence, ours was a lost cause, I found my prejudices gradually giving way. I wrote my father, who was born a Virginian, that I had come to the conclusion that Abraham Lincoln was not so bad after all; that he was truly a good man. In his reply he said, "What kind of people are you among out there? I want you to come home. I would as soon you were in Iceland, among devils."

During the winter I did some personal work in a revival meeting at Dillon, where there were some genuine conversions. The Lord clearly helped me to lead one woman into the light, her testimony and shining face being evidence to all that a change had taken place in her heart. This woman lived only a few weeks after her conversion. The evangelists conducting the services frequently called upon me to pray, and it was no unusual thing for persons to take me by the hand and tell me how much they had been benefited by my prayers. Among them was Con Bray, an ex-pugilist, who said, with tears flowing down his great cheeks, that

his heart had never been touched with religion before he heard me pray. An old lady came to my uncle's house to tell me how I had helped her. These incidents so encouraged me that I gladly would have given my whole time to the work if the way had been open to do so. But I had to teach school to earn money to help my people at home. I knew they were depending on me and I would have to await God's time and place to begin, before I could give my life wholly to His service.

The people generally were given up to worldliness, and from time to time devised plans to draw me into their social circle. Card-playing and dancing were the popular amusements of the day, and those who took part in them, with but few exceptions, were church members. In almost every home a pack of cards could be found. The sight of cards always brought to my mind a picture of their associations—saloons, brothels, and gambling hells. My parents had taught me to shun cards as I would a poisonous serpent. I wondered how people who had any respect for themselves or loved ones could have them about.

The sin of gambling is one of the curses

of this age—the art of getting something for nothing. Nine-tenths of the defalcations, embezzlements, and similar expressions of official dishonesty, are found to have taken their rise in some form of deliberate gambling. Dishonesty, deception, and trickery are early hatched out in the heart by cards. Gamblers have told me with tears that their bondage was greater and their condition more hopeless than that of the habitual drunkard. It is estimated that nine-tenths of all gambling is done at the card table, which is the most common, potent, and subtle instrument of destruction used in this nefarious work.

Satan owns the cards. Look at them as they are played with a nervous twitch and dealt out with an oath, their secret habitation being an old tobacco pocket! When in use they are encircled with tobacco smoke and the breath of stomachs foul with whisky and beer. They move where the beings of men are wrought up to an awful tension, where the thunderclouds of wrath gather, where the lightning of anger flashes in the eye and where the name of the Almighty is heard in muttered profanation.

More than homes and fortunes are lost at

the card table. Men and women gamble away their virtue and honor, yea, even their own souls. On the cards one can read dishonesty, hate, revenge, murder, suicide, and lost souls. Is it any wonder that, as we are told, sailors in shipwrecks and soldiers going into battle throw away their cards? They shrink from going into the presence of death with the "devil's prayer-book" on their persons. Is not the very sight of them to be detested by good people? and should not the social game, the great feeder of the gambling house, receive the strongest denunciation?

I knew young women in Dillon who were employed to teach in the public schools, who would sit up until two or three o'clock in the morning playing "progressive euchre." Sam Jones more appropriately called it "progressive damnation." The young converts from the revival meetings, of course, were unable to stand against this tide of worldliness kept up by the dancing, card-playing, hypocritical church members who were like an infectious sore on the community. Then, too, no sooner had the revival fires subsided in a measure, than the church fairs and festivals were begun. When

the cry goes forth, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" such people will be found among those who are shut out from the marriage feast.

A man formerly prominent in the gambling world, who had traversed the continent and crossed the ocean in his tours, was once asked to preach a week in one of my missions. During his stay with us he set forth the midnight horrors of blood and anguish found in a gambler's life. For the good of those, especially parents, who believe there is not much harm in a social game of cards, I print an excerpt from his autobiography:

"While in Cincinnati I contracted the evil habit that afterwards designated me as the devil's own. I knew not the taste of intoxicants, and did not know one card from another when I left Virginia, the place of my birth. I was taught to shuffle and play my first game of cards in a Presbyterian home, by a member of the Presbyterian church, a daughter of that home. During my first evening in this home, where I lived for the six months of my stay in Cincinnati, cards were played. I do not think it prevaricating, or in the least an extravagant assertion, to say that cards were played in that

so-called Christian home every night (Sunday excepted) the year round. I never heard a prayer offered during my stay there.

"Well do I remember the night of March 21. The father sat by the bright lamp; mother, son, and two daughters at the card table, and I sat off by myself, reading a book, trying to bury in thought the scenes that imaginatively arose before my gaze, when Miss Nellie said, 'Perhaps the young gentleman will take part in the game.' 'No,' said I, 'I don't know anything about cards; was never allowed to handle them in my home, as my people are Christians and members of the church.' This was a Schley bomb in the Presbyterian camp. All eyes were riveted on me at once. 'Well,' said the strike-back girl, 'we are Christians and members of the church, and if it were sinful to play a social game of cards we certainly would not indulge.' 'Very well, excuse me; I am no Christian, but I do not play cards.' 'You're excusable.' 'Yes'm.'

"Three months rolled by. I learned to love the family, especially the girls. Night after night they pleaded with me to take part in what they termed their innocent amusement. At the

end of the third month I took my seat at the table by the side of her whose jeweled hand shuffled and selected my first card to play. There was no attraction in the game for me, because of my blindness to see through or comprehend. But oh! the words of instruction from Nellie's lips were music to my ear; her gentle smiles to me were enough to bleach the ace of spades.

"As time passed on from that night, more and more I thought of and enjoyed the company of the girls and the game. At length their skill as carders was not sufficient to entertain me, hence I sought higher game. I went to the barroom for amusement, which led to drink, then to drunkenness, blood and death. While no one fills the grave from my hand, I have heard the crack of the revolver around the card table, where parlor-manufactured gamblers meet. I have seen men of noble parentage go down in blood; I have heard the shrieks of the poor dying gambler as he closed his eyes to open them in hell. When I left Cincinnati I left as a gambler, educated to such in a Christian (?) family." So much for this gambler.

At Bannack, I came very near being en-

trapped. There was a meeting of the Masons in the town, who were to serve supper at the leading hotel. The society folk took advantage of this occasion and staged a ball on the top floor of the courthouse. Not all who attended the supper were interested in the ball. People came for miles to be present. Mr. James Page, a Mason and a friend of my uncle, came to spend the early part of the evening with us. He insisted upon our going with him to the supper. My father was a Free Mason, and with some reluctance I was persuaded to go.

After the banquet was over at the hotel many of the people went to the top floor of the courthouse where the ball was to be. My aunt and uncle persuaded me to go to the door and just look in at the people, promising then to return home with me. But once there, seats were offered us, and we sat down. Soon

"Music rolled with its voluptuous swell,"

as the sensual poet expressed it, thereby acknowledging that in the dance, it is the carnality of the occasion which is the attractive part. The dancers were forming into sets. We were seated where I could get a good view of

the performance. The costumes of some of the women were at first shocking to me. Later there crept over me a strange fascination for the whole affair. I received many pressing invitations to dance, but steadfastly declined them all.

After we had been there for a short time I wanted to go home, but my aunt persisted in staying a little longer, and the result was it was two o'clock in the morning before we left the place. Once more on the outside, I felt like a bird that had escaped the serpent's charm, and could see how easily unstable souls are drawn on to spiritual and moral ruin, to doom and perdition.

Long before the midnight hour young men who had come there sober were reeling on the floor intoxicated. The dancing commenced with the old-fashioned quadrille, but as the excitement and delirium increased, the only enjoyment was found in the lustful embrace of the round dance. Husbands and wives became jealous of each other, and afterwards found that this night's experience had led them to the verge of separation. Young girls, who in the earlier part of the evening had shown some degree of

modesty, became coquettish and bold. The odor of liquor was on the breath of many of the most respected citizens of the town.

This one experience taught me not to look to relatives for advice or listen to anyone where anything was in question that would infringe on my conscience.

The people of Bannack lost no time in trying to draw me into their social circles and openly boasted they would get me to dance or to indulge in a game of cards by persistent efforts. But, thanks be to God! they failed. I was in a class all by myself, but I knew the Lord was with me and that one with Him is always a majority.

## CHAPTER V

### Back to Kentucky—Return to Montana —Missionary in Utah—Severe Trials

AY 13, 1884, after an absence of a little more than two years, I left Montana for Millersburg, Kentucky. Many changes had taken place in my absence. My eldest sister had died, leaving seven children, five of whom were living with my parents. Mother was careworn and had aged very fast. She had reared a large family of her own, and now had the burden of these grandchildren. She was relieved of some of them, however, a few months later when their father came for them.

Emery, my eldest brother, and my sister Lida, had married and left home. The summer season was just opening and there was a great deal of sewing to be done. There was no one

else to do it, and I undertook it myself. For six weeks I scarcely took time to eat.

When the autumn term of the female college at Millersburg opened I entered the school, worn with the summer's work, taking five studies and music. The teachers insisted that I should not try to do so much. But I carried during the school year all that I had undertaken.

At the close of the year I received a letter from my friend, Kent White, telling of the outpouring of the Spirit in Thomas Harrison's meetings at Denver. He also related an experience of a young woman who had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He said that it was my privilege to be sanctified, and urged me to seek the experience. I waited before the Lord for a new token of His favor and was not disappointed. I wondered if it could be possible that I had obtained sanctification when I had not definitely sought it. The spiritual uplift that I received proved to be only another blessing among many that I had had since my conversion.

My funds were now exhausted and I made preparations to return to Montana, but before

leaving home I wrote to Mr. White, telling him I expected to pass through Denver and would probably stop there a few hours between trains. He received the letter but misunderstood the time I would arrive. He did not expect to see me, as he had planned to leave for the mountains on business. However, as I was sitting in the waiting room at the station, he walked in with Thomas Harrison, the evangelist, whom he had come to see off on a train.

I found that I could stay over at Denver a day on my ticket, and decided to do so. In the meantime I was introduced to the Rev. I. H. Beardsley, pastor of St. James M. E. Church. I had known some of his relatives in Kentucky, and he and his wife invited me to stay at their home.

Before I left Denver for Montana, Mr. White secured a conveyance and took me about the city, showing me many new buildings and places of interest. There was something strangely fascinating to me about the "Queen City of the Plains," and I would have gladly stayed there if I could have secured a position in one of the schools where I could make my

expenses and pay what I owed. Before taking my departure I knelt in St. James Church and prayed for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and again the Lord blest my soul and gave me the new inspiration which I so much needed for the battles ahead; but I did not claim to have received the blessing of sanctification, the second work of grace. As yet this experience was too deep for me to fully comprehend.

After arriving at Dillon I learned that the school boards in the town and country districts had engaged their teachers for the ensuing year. I owed my uncle, Charles Harrison, seventy-five dollars for my railroad fare back to Montana, and three dollars was all the money I had.

The Methodist conference was then in session at Dillon. I felt that this was providential for me. In a testimony meeting I took the opportunity to tell how my soul had been refreshed at Denver as the result of the Harrison revival. This led the Rev. T. C. Iliff, Superintendent of the Utah M. E. Missions, to make inquiries about me with a view to engaging me to teach in the Salt Lake Methodist Seminary, which was under his supervision.

My sister Nora, who at my aunt's first request had refused to go to Montana, but had decided to do so after my return to Kentucky, was now at Dillon, having preceded me by a few weeks. She was invited to go with my aunt and uncle to their ranch for the summer. I was now facing the same conditions of favoritism that had caused me so many heartaches in early life among some of my relatives. To sum it all up, I was not wanted in my uncle's home when my aunt could have my sister. I thought at least they would have taken into consideration the fact that I had no money and no place to go, and that there was but little likelihood of my being able to get a school anywhere. My sister, who was also a teacher, as yet had not been able to engage a school.

My extremity threw me wholly upon the Lord. The next few days I spent much time in prayer, alone in an attic room. I prayed until I felt I had prevailed and that there was an opening for me somewhere. Looking in my Bible my eyes fell on the sixth chapter of Matthew. I read from the 28th to the 34th verses: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I

say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Then followed, "O ye of little faith! Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" By this time I was so overcome with emotion and my eyes were so full of tears I could read no further until I had poured out my heart to God in thanksgiving and praise for His love and mercy to me. I was not to be anxious for the morrow, for the morrow would care for itself. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" (R.V.). My soul was flooded with joy, and peace was reigning in my heart; I knew that God had spoken to me through His word, and to my heart by His Holy Spirit.

Perhaps not more than ten minutes had elapsed before a knock was heard on the front door. The Rev. T. C. Iliff had come to see me in regard to teaching school in Utah. He said, "I am looking for teachers for the Salt Lake Seminary." He then asked me if I would accept a position in this school. I told him I would be glad to do so, since I had come too late to find employment in the public schools of Montana.

I was now in a dilemma to know what to do the two intervening months. Later David Lamont called with a note from Miss Carmichael, his sister-in-law, requesting me to finish her term of school in a country district, as she wished to visit Yellowstone National Park. I had heard wonderful descriptions of the Park which was spoken of as "The Wonderland." and wanted to visit the place myself; but never since the Lord called me into His service had I found an opportunity to take a vacation or go on a pleasure trip. The money I earned teaching school was so much needed by my parents at home I felt I could not spend even a few weeks in recreation when duty called me elsewhere, so I had to be satisfied with the descriptions others gave me of the Park, which seemed almost incredible.

I saw that this ranch school was the Lord's opening for me, and in a few days was enjoying the quiet of country life. I had only a few pupils and there was ample opportunity to rest my tired nerves. This, with out-door exercise, was just what I needed to prepare me for the year's work ahead in Salt Lake City.

On counting up my expenses, I found that

MILLERSBURG FEMALE COLLEGE, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY

after paying for my board and lodging, I should not have enough money to buy a ticket to Salt Lake City. I did not tell anyone this, but prayed for divine help and guidance. Later, when I offered my hostess the money for my board and room, she turned away and said, "I can't take it from you." I insisted, but she could not be prevailed upon to accept it. Her only reason was that I had helped her with the dishes a few times, which was no more than the other teacher had done whom she had charged for board.

My sister Nora had been engaged to teach the Methodist Mission School at Tooele, Utah, and accompanied me to Salt Lake City. Mr. Garvin, a Methodist preacher whom I had met at the conference at Butte, was appointed principal of the Seminary at Salt Lake City where I was to teach. He and his wife had charge of Davis Hall where the women teachers and young lady students lived. Professor Garvin charged me more for board than he did anyone else in this Hall. When asked to explain why he did so, he declined to give his reason, but refused to make any reduction. Dr. and Mrs. Iliff then invited me to spend the remainder of

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER

the term at their home. The principal was not pleased with this, and manifested a critical spirit toward me the remainder of the term.

The pastor of the First M. E. Church, the Rev. Mr. Carroll, and his family, also boarded at Davis Hall. He was a native of New Jersey and a warm friend of Mr. Garvin. His sermons were illustrated mainly with incidents from the Civil War, which aroused prejudice unnecessarily in the hearts of his parishioners. The congregation was composed largely of people from the South, and he was continually wounding their feelings. I made the statement that it was unwise for him to do so. Someone repeated it to him, and he severely reproved me. He said that I should appreciate him more than I did, and that if it were not for my southern bringing up I would do so.

I had an enrollment of sixty pupils in my room. From time to time more seats had to be provided, until enlargement became a problem for the school board. In some other departments the attendance was gradually dwindling away, especially in the grade above me where there were only a few remaining. It was evident to all that the children were not

pleased with their teacher. She could have easily helped me with my burdens in my overcrowded room if she had been willing to do so.

On a certain day when every seat was taken, two colored girls were assigned to my department. One was too old and too far advanced for my grade, but I had to take them both. Instantly it flashed upon my mind that the principal had sent these children to me purposely and I determined not to let a word escape my lips that I should have cause to regret, knowing, too, that I might lose my position if I refused to teach the children on account of their color. There were no mixed schools in the South where I was brought up. I understood now the real attitude of Professor Garvin and other members of the faculty toward me. It pierced my heart like an arrow and my tears flowed. When I passed through the halls at noon, they looked at one another as much as to say, "I wonder how she is taking it and what she will do now." When they heard that I had been weeping, they said, "That shows how much of a Christian she is." Dr. Iliff showed an entirely different spirit in regard to the matter, and told them it reflected upon their Chris-

tian charity to impose the colored children upon me, knowing my southern bringing up, when other arrangements could have been made for them.

Within a few hours I had won the victory and felt it would be a pleasure to teach the children regardless of their color. I realized that the Lord had permitted it all for my good and would deal with the situation as He saw best. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!"

Plans had been made for a large Sunday school Christmas tree, and the teachers in the school were invited to unite their efforts to make the entertainment a success. The woman in charge of the exercises, who was known as Mrs. McDaniels, had a class of young men and women in the Sunday school. She was wearing mourning for a relative and passing herself off as a widow, when her husband was not dead; when she spoke, her orders were usually obeyed. The kindergarten teacher and I had planned to combine our departments and give the children a tree of their own, as many of them were poor and some almost destitute

of clothing. The dry goods stores had given a large assortment of winter garments for our department, and we had spent much time drilling the children in songs and recitations.

The little ones were looking forward to the exercises with eager anticipation, when Mrs. McDaniels sent word to us to drop our work and unite our efforts with those under her supervision. As this would necessitate the abandonment of our exercises and be a great disappointment to our little folks, we begged to be permitted to go on as we had commenced. Miss Earl, the kindergarten teacher, had at one time been a Mormon, but had left the Mormon Church. She felt it was an injustice for this woman or anyone else to make such a request, and showed no disposition to comply and unite with those who were making a great display in the church auditorium.

A number of persons came to us at different times insisting on our joining them, but to no avail. As usual, the pastor was in a critical mood and cast reflections on me. I heard of this, and said some things to him which I afterward regretted. Silence would have been my strongest weapon and would have shown much

greater wisdom. My heart became more and more grieved as I remembered the prophet's words: "As a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, he opened not his mouth" (R. V.).

I prayed more earnestly for grace to be an overcomer. Somebody reported to Dr. Iliff the conversation I had had with the pastor. He said, "It is too bad our teachers cannot keep sweet under such circumstances." He then commented on Miss Lock's ability to always keep composed. This was the teacher with the almost empty room in the grade above me. I knew Miss Lock was not at all spiritual and this statement was humiliating to me. She was cold and precise in her manner, and when she attempted to testify or pray in meetings, had only a form of words. The Lord used Dr. Iliff's remarks for my good and I prayed more than ever for patience and forbearance. To be classed as one on a lower plane of Christianity than this cold, dead, formal church member with not a sign of life, was indeed a serious arraignment for me.

School troubles were now coming thick and fast. A few weeks later, Clara Heath, a young

lady student, brought me a note written to her by Victor Carroll, the pastor's son, which did no credit to the young man or his parents. She asked me in tears what she must do about it. I told her to take it to Professor Garvin, the principal. When school closed in the afternoon, I met the young man's father in the hall. He asked abruptly, "Why did you not bring that note to me instead of letting it fall into the hands of Professor Garvin?" I told him that I did not think of him, and supposed that I had sent it to the proper person. Again he said I had not shown a Christian spirit in not coming to him with it. I supposed Professor Garvin would justify me in what I had done; but these two ministers, who for a time had not been on good terms—like Pilate and Herod—had made friends and both were solidly against me.

On the following Sunday evening our pastor preached again, and as usual, illustrated his sermon with incidents from the Civil War, casting reflections on the southern people. His remarks, as everyone could see, were directed at me. I told Professor Garvin that Dr. Carroll's sermons would be more edifying if he

would change his policy and have less to say about the Civil War.

A few days later I met Dr. Carroll in the reception room. He made the remark that I had been criticizing his sermons again. The memory of the hasty words I had spoken in a former experience with him now caused me to speak more guardedly. Later he sent for me to come to his study, and as I listened to a number of accusations, for which I knew Professor Garvin was responsible, it seemed impossible for me to hold my peace any longer. Had these two men not been ministers in good standing in the Methodist Church, I could have borne these things better. I told the pastor that during my few months' acquaintance with him I had found him selfish and overbearing and that he had never helped me spiritually, no matter how much I had needed it. Losing his self-control, he declared that no one living had ever spoken to him as I did. He said that he had been deeply insulted and that I should have to give an account to the church officials. Seeing that a further multiplication of words would be useless, I quietly withdrew from his presence.

When I met Professor Garvin the next morning he said, "An apology is due Dr. Carroll, and you must make it at once."

The scripture came to my mind: "If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift" (Matt. 5:23-24, R. V.). I thought this meant that I should go and apologize to the pastor, and did so. However, I knew I had told him the truth and had done it in the right spirit, but as it seemed neceessary to pour oil on the troubled waters, I did not hesitate to apologize to him.

I was hearing nothing preached on the subject of sanctification, and supposed that all I could do was to pray for more grace to bear with people while a desperate struggle was sometimes going on in my heart. I knew there was something that was rising up occasionally and giving me trouble, but did not know how to pray for deliverance.

Full reconciliation with Dr. Carroll was not brought about until after a difficulty arose

between his son, Victor, and Professor Allen, from Indiana, a teacher in the school. Victor on one occasion refused to comply with certain requests made by Professor Allen and retorted, "I am not from Indiana, anyhow." No sooner had the words escaped his lips than the gangling "Hoosier" hurled the young man through a glass door into my room, knocking me to the floor amidst the flying glass. In the controversy over the matter, which became serious, I did not hesitate to say that such treatment was neither humane nor Christian. Dr. Carroll manifested surprise at my being in sympathy with his son.

After this his attitude toward me entirely changed; but my difficulties by no means came to an end, for Professor Garvin seemed to have imbibed all the animosity that both he and the pastor had previously borne, and made it exceedingly unpleasant for me the remainder of the term.

While passing through these experiences I was painfully conscious that my Christian experience was not complete, and it is partly for this reason that I have related these incidents in so much detail. It was through these and

other similar experiences I came to the realization that I was not sanctified.

One afternoon a note was found under the door of Davis Hall requesting someone to call at a certain street number. Supposing a family was in destitute circumstances, Mrs. T. C. Iliff and I took a car to that part of the city where we found the number we were looking for on a board at the door of a dugout. Here was an old lady carrying one of her arms in a sling, living with her three little grandchildren and a grown-up, feeble-minded son, the latter scarcely able to take care of himself. All of them were sitting by a board eating some fat pork, without bread, and drinking a little tea. Two daughters of the old woman, mothers of these children, had died of broken hearts from neglect and ill treatment. Their husbands, the fathers of the children, spent most of their time in the saloons, refusing to support their families. The old woman's arm had been broken and improperly set and caused her much pain. Though she was disabled and without means of support, the children had been left entirely in her care. This woman had been one of the "hand-cart" emigrants to Utah, in 1856,

and becoming dissatisfied with the Mormon religion, had left the Church. As a result the city officials refused to help her in her distress. Aside from what we saw on the table, the family had had nothing to eat for two days. The half-demented son had helped someone butcher a pig, and some of the pork had been given to him for his work.

The next day food and fuel were sent to them by business firms among the Gentiles, whom Mrs. Iliff and I had told of their need. We confronted the saloon keepers with the story of the destitution of these children whose homes they had broken up and whose fathers they had ruined with liquor. They did not enjoy our presence and our description of the suffering of these victims of the saloon, and contributed liberally to get rid of us. Such are the scenes that make up the dark annals of the saloon that will burn in the soul of the rum-seller where the worm of memory dieth not and the fire is not quenched. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink" (Hab. 2:15). Such is a picture of poverty in Utah—the result of a false religious system and the licensed saloon. Many were the pitiful sights of indi-

gent and infirm persons who had made their way to this Mormon Zion, looking for prosperity and happiness and the miraculous healing of their bodies, only to be disappointed and sometimes robbed of all they possessed and left mangled and bleeding at the feet of the oppressor. May God hasten the day when truth shall triumph over error, and the mouth of the dragon of lust be closed in Utah forever.

## CHAPTER VI

### Last Year as Teacher—School Election —Trials and Triumphs

N June I returned to Montana. Nora, who had taught the mission school at Tooele, Utah, had returned in May and was now teaching a summer school on a ranch seven miles from the railroad station at Red Rock. I reached this station on a morning train and stopped off to spend a few days with her. While I was wondering how to get to the schoolhouse, the night telegraph operator offered to take me if he could get a conveyance. There was but one horse and carriage available. The horse was a bronco, as might have been expected, all the good horses being in use. The owner would not recommend him, but said we might take our chances.

The operator was a man weighing, perhaps, two hundred and fifty pounds. On the road I introduced the subject of religion and found him ready for an argument. He claimed to be an infidel. I frankly told him that I doubted very much if there were any infidels, but he held his ground the best he could while I found pleasure in witnessing for Christ.

I told him that if he were facing death he would not talk as he did, but he affirmed that he had been at death's door and had had no fear. With the words still upon his lips something about the harness gave way and with one wild leap the horse left the road, taking us over sagebrush and greasewood toward an irrigation ditch.

I was looking to God in silent prayer for help when the driver shouted, "For God's sake jump!" But I refused to make a move. However, he tumbled out of the back end of the carriage just as we were approaching the ditch. No sooner had he alighted on the ground than the horse stopped. He rose to his feet with a blanched face and tremblingly said, "Why, you are not even pale!" I reminded him how a few moments before he had boasted that he had

no fear of death, but when the test came, had proved himself to be a coward. He looked away and made no reply.

Three years before, in a similar experience, I had proved that God can keep one in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Him (Isa. 26:-3). With Aunt Eliza Mason and an old bachelor friend named Mike Steele I was crossing the mountains from Bannack to Dillon, when we encountered an electric storm. A number of horses had been killed by lightning in the vicinity a few days before. Both my aunt and Mr. Steele were badly frightened. Our horses, a beautiful sorrel team belonging to my uncle, were becoming unmanageable as we began to descend the dangerous part of the road winding around the mountainside. I thought of the many times our driver had good-naturedly ridiculed religion in my presence, and how he had been encouraged by my aunt's amusement at his wit. It looked as if it were now God's opportunity to teach them both a lesson.

I could not keep from laughing, which may have seemed to be in derision of their fears. It was incomprehensible to them, and called forth a severe rebuke from my aunt. I knew

that I belonged to the Lord; and the display of His power on such a majestic scale was entertainment for me. I was as confident and careless as a child tossed and caught in the arms of a loving father. I knew He would not let me fall or let harm come to me. It was neither presumption nor frivolity, but the wonderful operation of the Holy Spirit within me that filled my mouth with holy laughter for which I was not responsible. It was my privilege to triumph even on an occasion like this. God had promised never to leave nor forsake me, and now He had spoken to me through the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar, and His wondrous presence filled and thrilled my soul.

"I've seen the lightning flashing,
And heard the thunder roll;
I've felt sin's breakers dashing,
Trying to conquer my soul;
I've heard the voice of my Savior
Bidding me still to fight on;
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone."

Hallelujah! We can have a faith like the old heroes, as set forth in the wonderful eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

"O for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

"A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt."

Soon after meeting my sister, she asked me what I expected to do, since the school boards had all employed their teachers for the fall and winter terms. I was confronted with the same difficulty I had had the year before, but I believed the Lord would open the way for me to teach somewhere. There was a school at Spring Hill (afterwards called Luna), twenty-five miles away, said to be one of the best-paying schools in the county. A member of this school board had told my sister a few days before that they had already engaged a teacher. I spent the greater part of the next few days in prayer, feeling that my extremity was God's opportunity to help me. During the time it was forcibly impressed upon my mind to go down and see the directors of this school. From a human standpoint it was foolish to do so, but I knew

by former experiences that the Lord could work a miracle and give me the school. A ranchman offered to hitch a big team of horses to a wagon and take my sister and me to the place.

We found Barney Hammond and one other member of the board at home. Mr. E. Ripley, the chairman, who had told my sister that a teacher had been engaged, was out of town. I explained my business to the other two, and after stepping aside to talk the matter over they asked me to come back when Mr. Ripley could be present. I insisted on their deciding the matter then, if possible, for it was too long a trip to make the second time. Again they retired, this time staying longer. In their absence I received the assurance that I was to have the school. I knew it as well as if I had had their answer. Later the spokesman said, "We have decided that Mr. Ripley has controlled the school board long enough, and we are going to let you have the school whether he agrees to it or not. We understand he has promised it to another young woman, but we had no voice in it."

These gentlemen promised me seventy dol-

lars for the first month and an increase in salary afterwards. My heart was so full of gratitude to God I could not suppress my feelings, and as soon as I could be alone I wept for joy.

A few weeks before the opening of the school I had malaria in my uncle's home at Dillon. The weather was warm, and to get away from the noise and because of my aunt's aversion to having me around I was compelled to occupy a room near the roof. I was not confined to my bed all of the time, but when up and around the house I suffered more than anyone knew. As no one was inclined to do anything for me I had to look after myself the best I could. The Saturday before the opening of the school I was, to all appearances, utterly unfit for work. My uncle asked me what I expected to do. I told him that by the help of the Lord I would open the school at the appointed time. He did not believe I meant what I said until I asked for an expressman to take my trunk to the station. As soon as I made an effort to go to the train I began to feel better, and two hours later, with a keen appetite, I arrived at my destination.

One of the directors of the school met me at the train. He regretted to have to tell me that after repeated afforts he had failed to find a boarding place for me, unless I would go to the railroad hotel where a saloon was kept. He said that Mrs. Olive Noble, the wife of a railroad conductor, could take me if she would consent to do so, but that she had refused four different times that day. He pointed out the house and said, "You can go and see her; she might change her mind."

I asked the Lord to touch this woman's heart, and went. My knock at the door was answered by the lady herself who smilingly said, "You are the school teacher; come in. The trustees will not take 'no' for an answer, and I will have to take you." She took my wraps and invited me into the dining room. Mrs. Noble was a good cook, and food on her table looked more tempting to me than it had for weeks. My hostess said, "I knew all the time that I should take you, but I was afraid I could not provide for you properly. When I saw you I felt differently about it."

During the next three weeks I gained rapidly in health and lost no time from the school-

room. The Lord was precious to my soul. He had opened a door when my relatives had failed me, and healed my body that for weeks had been racked with pain.

"The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine
And whispers I am His."

I soon had an enrollment of seventy pupils in my school. There was neither a Sabbath school nor a church service in this little railroad town, and not a sign of spiritual life to be found anywhere. I was concerned about the spiritual welfare of the children, and with the help of two persons, a Sabbath school was started. It took much wisdom to deal with Catholics, Mormons, and Protestants, and keep peace in the school and town. I taught the children at least forty hymns; also the Lord's Prayer and many verses of Scripture. Some of these they often repeated at the opening exercises in the morning.

By having school programs I raised $90 to purchase an organ. The children were learning to sing and many of the parents were delighted; otherwise some of them undoubtedly

would have opposed me bitterly in teaching their children the Scriptures. Parents of whatever faith usually are pleased to have their children learn to sing and recite pieces. A lesson in hygiene for the entire school took up an hour near the close of each day. This gave a wide scope to talk on religious subjects. I took great delight in this, but suffered from the handicap of restrictions. Impressions made on the minds of children are usually lasting, and I was convinced that the seed sown would bring forth fruit.

Mr. Ripley, who had not been consulted when the other two employed me to teach, was nursing his wrath and waiting for an opportunity to retaliate. The school election was soon to take place and he worked secretly to elect a trustee, who, with himself, would have power to put me out and hire another teacher. At one time he had been a saloon keeper, and his candidate for the office of school trustee was a Mr. Rose, a giant freight conductor, known as the "John Sullivan of the road," with a record of having killed a man. Mr. Noble, at whose home I was staying, came off the road one evening with a black eye and otherwise badly

bruised at the hands of this man. Clara, a young daughter of the pugilistic conductor, attended my school, and once when it became necessary to correct her, the neighbors warned me to beware of her mother who had threatened to give me a beating. I looked out one morning and saw Mrs. Rose coming to the schoolhouse. She had had a fight with a woman some time before, and had said she would go to the schoolhouse and whip me. I prayed for the Lord to take her in hand. When I met her at the door I found she had come to see about her daughter. She stood for a moment with her eyes fixed upon me, then turning to the child said, "Clara, if you give your teacher any more trouble, I will punish you myself." I invited her in, but she declined, and walked quietly away.

The people of the town were becoming much excited over the school election. The opposition had enlisted the worst element of the place in behalf of their candidate, and it was evident they would win if God did not undertake. I knew He was able to deliver me, as He did Daniel, from the plot of wicked men, and went to my room two days before the election

and spent the night in prayer. At three o'clock in the morning I felt that I had prevailed with God and the victory was won.

The following day men could be seen standing in small groups talking, or hurrying from one saloon to another. Some of them had stopped their work to electioneer. Friendships were being renewed and liquor flowed freely. The most popular saloon in town was owned and run by "Pete" Halligan, an Irishman, who was a brother-in-law of Barney Hammond, a member of the school board. Mr. Halligan said he had three little nieces going to school and he wanted to see them brought up right, and that the teacher had great influence over them for good. He further stated that although he was a hard sinner, he intended to place himself on record in this school election as being a friend of humanity, and work and vote in my behalf.

The evening before the election Mr. Charles Ripley, who had espoused our cause, came in with a beaming face and said he was sure that his brother, who was leading the opposition, had overlooked the fact that women could vote in school elections. He advised that

two women who were present should go out quietly among my friends and have them ready to go in a body and vote just before the polls closed. Seventeen women gathered at the appointed time and place, but I felt that two more votes would be necessary to win, and thought of two women who lived back of the schoolhouse behind a grove of willows. They came immediately when notified.

Our company of women, headed by Charles Ripley, went to the polls and voted. The disgruntled member of the board was in utter confusion when he saw his brother walking up to the polling place, followed by the women. He said, "When did you become a Mormon?" The reply was, "You may call me a Mormon or anything else you are a mind to on this occasion." It was too late to muster the women on the opposing side, as the time had come to close the polls. Later the news was heralded over town that our party had won by a majority of two votes.

When the new trustee had been installed, the board employed me to teach the spring term, and offered me the school for the following year, with an increase of salary, but as I had

other plans I declined to take the school the next autumn and recommended my youngest sister for the place, who came from Kentucky and taught the school.

## CHAPTER VII

### Denver—Marriage—Struggles Against Worldliness

AVING spent the summer of 1887 teaching a country school, I left for Colorado, expecting to take music and other studies in the University of Denver. I soon found myself unable physically to do what I had planned, having taught thirteen months in a high altitude, with only one week's intermission.

Kent White, who was attending the university, and to whom I was soon to be married, insisted on my taking a course in the Scott-Saxton College of Elocution. He said it would be a diversion of two hours a day from my regular studies and would rest rather than tire me. Before I was really aware of it, he had

arranged for my tuition. The school was conducted in the Tabor Grand Opera House. Many Methodist students were enrolled, among whom were ministers, and in the same classes were persons preparing for the stage.

Mrs. Saxton, the principal, was a Unitarian. Some of the Methodist ministers brought their carefully-prepared sermons that she might train them in delivery. She took the liberty to strike at the very foundation of orthodox teaching by jesting about the blood of the atonement. She made the remark that she had no use for a slaughter-house religion, that it was a day of advanced thought, etc. She said the Unitarians had the only logical religion. Mr. White often tried to offset her arguments, but this only led to endless and useless discussion with the loss of much valuable time. Personally I took no part in the controversy. It grieved me to see this woman's influence over young and unstable souls.

Joseph Stocks, a ministerial student in his senior year in the University, on Mr. White's solicitation took studies in this school of elocution. Little did the latter know that this step meant the ruin of his friend and schoolmate,

who, after his father's death, had been the subject of many prayers. "Joe" was the son of a Methodist minister, a good man who had prayed that his son might take up the work he must lay down. A snare was laid for the young man by Lucella Sale, formerly a Methodist, who was an assistant teacher in this school of elocution, and ten years his senior. Her success in winning his affections resulted in their marriage and Joe's going into the Unitarian ministry. But the hand of God was upon this young man and he died within a few months. Thus was a young life blasted that gave promise of great usefulness.

On the 21st of December, 1887, Mr. White and I were united in marriage in Asbury M. E. Church. After our marriage we both continued to pursue our studies in the University and at the school of elocution. We were studying Shakespeare, when Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth were announced for a week's performance of Shakespeare's plays in the Tabor Grand Opera House. Mrs. Saxton was urgent in the request that all her pupils should attend. I had never been to a theater and protested against going, but my husband bought two

TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DENVER

tickets and insisted on my using them. After repeated entreaties, I finally consented to do so; but after I was seated in the Opera House, the same building in which we were studying elocution, I felt as if I were in the antechamber of perdition, and severely censured myself for having been persuaded to go. In this fearful conflict my Savior bore with me and did not leave me, knowing that in my heart I wanted to please Him more than anyone else.

This experience taught me not to take the advice even of my preacher-husband where my conscience was involved. I was so conscience-smitten after attending the theater and seeing Hamlet played that I made up my mind I did not want a diploma from this school of elocution. I prayed that my husband might fail in his ambition to obtain one, and my prayer was answered.

While the Trinity Methodists were erecting a new building, their services were being conducted in the Opera House. It looked as if this Opera House would swallow me up. Musicales, concerts, church entertainments, recitals, receptions, and oratorical contests were carried on, and all were highly endorsed by the Meth-

odists. Regardless of the pride and the worldliness I saw in them, I tried to think that at least some of the people had salvation. There were numerous lectures by the resident Bishop and others, and as my husband was studying for the ministry and preaching, I knew of no way at this time but to comply with his request and attend some of these functions when he insisted upon my doing so.

I had been kept while in the barren wastes of Montana, and my soul had been refreshed by the hidden manna; but here in the prosperous city of Denver, among thousands of Methodists, with their great University and magnificent churches, I could not find a crumb of spiritual bread. I wanted to be in my husband's company, but he had so many school companions and friends in the church that it was not often I could spend an hour alone with him. He had made a reputation selling books during the summer months to secure means with which to pursue his studies, and young men who were working their way through school came to him for training. He spent hours drilling them in the art of canvassing. If we walked down the street together we were sure to meet per-

sons who would engage him in conversation and ask for favors. And with all this he had his college studies, conference course, and a student's appointment.

A little book entitled *Victory,* by the Rev. W. B. Godbey, providentally fell into my hands. From it I learned that I needed to be sanctified. At different times I had heard conversations on the subject of holiness, and a number of persons with whom I was acquainted professed to be sanctified. But I knew my experience would compare favorably with theirs, and here the enemy had a snare for me. Paul said, "They measuring themselves by themselves, . . . are not wise" (2 Cor. 10:12). If I could have understood that to be sanctified meant the crucifixion of the "old man," or the destruction of the carnal nature, I might have made progress as a seeker and no doubt would have been delivered from my bondage. But my eyes were on a great blessing; I wanted something that would make me feel very happy.

I heard a Methodist minister preach at a church camp meeting near Palmer Lake. He invited people forward to the altar to seek sanctification. A number responded, among

whom was the preacher himself. When the seekers returned to their seats, they manifested no change in any way. There were two persons on the grounds, however, who I believed had something others did not enjoy. Their faces were radiant and they testified to holiness without fear of anyone.

When I first met Kent White, in Montana, there was a light in his face that he lost after coming to Denver to attend the University. I expected to receive help from him spiritually, but instead of devoting his time to the salvation of souls as he formerly did, books and studies were his theme. It was evident he had imbibed the spirit of his surroundings and lost the pearl of great price.

A few weeks after my arrival from Montana he asked me to go with him and spend an evening with the pastor and his wife of the North Denver M. E. Church. On this occasion I was expecting some spiritual help, as my husband had often spoken of the piety of these two persons. But to my disappointment, the time was spent in discussing Greek, French, Hebrew, etc. There was no conversation on spiritual subjects, and though my soul was lan-

guishing for a drink from the fountain of life, there was no benefit derived from my visit to this home.

My husband's health was failing from overwork when he entered the fall term of the University. He had too many irons in the fire. I did all I could to induce him to give up his studies, and asked the Rev. J. H. Merritt, his presiding elder, to help me. His reply was, "A young man who has not a finished education does not stand much show in the ministry these days." I saw that no help was coming from this source even though I had told him the condition of my husband's health. However, the Lord answered prayer, and against the protest of church officials he dropped his studies.

We had not kept house since we were married, but had moved from place to place, sometimes having to walk an unreasonable distance for our meals. We ate only twice a day and often I was so hungry when I went to bed I could not sleep. I longed to have a few rooms or a place where I could do some cooking.

An opportunity came to rent a rooming house and buy the furniture in it. With the roomers that had to be accommodated, there

were but two rooms left for our occupancy. But this was much better than the way we had lived, even though we were crowded into so small a space. The money from the roomers was barely sufficient to pay the rent of the house. There was a small room upstairs over the kitchen which my husband reserved for his mother, whom he was expecting to visit us. Her coming proved to be the beginning of sorrows for me. Time and space will not permit me to give details, which may be found in the first volume of *The Story of My Life.*

## CHAPTER VIII

### Lamar—Pastor's Wife—Furnace of Affliction

N March 15, 1889, Arthur Kent, our first child, was born. No one but God knows the dreadful ordeal through which I passed, or the years of suffering that followed. In searching the Scriptures for consolation when there was no human help for me, it was made clear that God had chosen me in the furnace of affliction. Like the woman spoken of in Mark 5:26, I suffered many things of many physicians and was nothing bettered.

When the baby was six months old my husband was appointed pastor of the Methodist Church at Lamar, Colorado. When he went to his charge he left me at Colorado Springs to be treated by a specialist. Arrangements had

been made for me to stay several months. I found the physician unworthy of the confidence placed in him, and as I realized but little, if any, benefit from the treatment, I gave it up and went to my husband. He was greatly disappointed, fearing that nothing could be done for me where he was stationed; but there was nothing to do but make the best of it. I had read a number of medical works, searching in vain for help, and my condition seemed almost hopeless.

I found our household goods had been stored in a back room of the church, and as there was no parsonage and no effort had been made to secure a house, we had to occupy the pastor's study. There were large cracks in the floor which made it unfit for a living room. I soon contracted a severe cold, and within a few days was confined to my bed in a critical condition, threatened with pneumonia.

There were two physicians in the town. One was a good man morally, but limited in knowledge and practice. The other was an infidel and a dissipated man who had come to Lamar to break with old associates, hoping to reform. He was only twenty-eight years of

age, but possessed great ability as a physician and surgeon and had made a speciality of the trouble from which I was suffering. There seemed to be nothing else to do but give him a trial, and for two years he did everything within his knowldege and skill to better my physical condition, making no charge for his services.

The salaries of the pastors who had preceded us had been raised largely from church festivals, held twice a month, and the church people said we would have to pursue the same course. My husband, however, refused to have the church suppers. This caused much comment and displeasure on the part of the official members and others, who said we were making a great mistake and would have to come to it. But the Lord stood by us in the course we had taken and provided for us in a marvelous way. Nearly three months passed and my husband had received only seven dollars from the church. However, our needs had been supplied from other sources.

When the indifference of the people became more apparent, a man who made no profession, but who occasionally attended church, took it upon himself to see what he could do among

the business men of the town. With no great effort he secured over four hundred dollars in subscriptions. He surprised us when he came to the parsonage with his list of subscribers, and there were still others whom he hoped to see later. He said, "These church suppers have been a curse to the town. I appreciate the stand you have taken. No other minister has been brave enough to do it. This paper you may turn over to your stewards."

After this the collectors brought the money in monthly installments. The trustees then bought a small, two-room house for a parsonage, for $50, and moved it on to lots belonging to the church. This was a great improvement over the accommodations we had had. There was one large living room and another room which we used for a kitchen and dining room. The Lord had answered prayer and gotten us out of the back room of the church.

There being no church suppers to occupy their time and minds, the people now began to think about having a revival. But there was a deep-seated trouble in the way. The suppers and church socials had caused division among the women of the church, some of whom

were not on speaking terms with each other. One woman had been accused of stealing cake and money; and in striving for honors two women dressed as Martha Washington had appeared at a social when only one was expected. Husbands and others had taken sides and the outcome was hard feelings among some of the members. My husband decided to assemble all the women involved, at a meeting in the church. It was difficult to get some of the more obstinate ones to come, but they finally yielded to his solicitations and were in their places at the appointed time. He then delivered a discourse on "The Tongue." Before he had finished some of the women were weeping. He called upon me to pray, and I had unusual liberty. A general melting-up time followed. Confessions were made, barriers removed, and soon a revival was in progress, at the close of which forty persons united with the Church.

It was during this revival that the Holy Spirit moved me to exhort. My husband had tried to get an evangelist to come and help him, but had failed. On a certain evening at the close of the sermon, an exhortation was badly needed. I felt that I should get up and give

one, inviting the people to come forward to the altar, but I hesitated, and the opportunity was gone. I spent that night in prayer and weeping.

Satan tried to ease my conscience by telling me that women had no recognition in the Methodist Church and that I would have been out of place had I given an exhortation and an altar call. I was so troubled I awakened my husband to talk with him on the subject. He said, "If you want to speak, I will open the way for you at any time."

A few evenings later I was again moved by the Holy Spirit to speak, this time more strongly than before. Just as I was about to rise to my feet the enemy said, "You will make a great blunder if you attempt to speak now." I hesitated, and again the opportunity passed. The revival closed and left me heartbroken; the class meeting was the only place now where I could have another chance to speak. On the following Sunday I made an attempt to break through the powers that held me, but utterly failed. My health had been improving, but after this I seemed to lose what I had gained.

During a sleepless night, it was revealed to

me that I could not live long unless some vital change took place in my life. I wanted to go to my old home in Kentucky once more. The doctor said that a change of climate would do me good and insisted upon my staying at least six months. Arthur was thirteen months old when I started with him on the journey. He was very restless and had to be watched continually. At St. Louis my strength almost gave way on the train, but I felt better after a night's rest.

At Paris, Kentucky, seven miles from home, I failed to make connections with the train and had to wait twenty-four hours. Here the baby was exposed to measles, and nine days after my arrival at Millersburg he was taken down with both whooping cough and measles. For three weeks his life was in the balances. I had to be at his bedside night and day and had no chance to recuperate in health. I had what the doctor called a sympathetic cough, and having to watch constantly at the baby's bedside, my sufferings can be better imagined than told. Mother did what she could to help me, with her other work, and father watched sometimes. This was all the help I had.

I believed the Lord had a purpose in my going back at this time and prayed to know what was to come out of it all. It occurred to me that my brother Charles was to go to Colorado. He was in the senior class at the Kentucky Wesleyan College, which was soon to be moved to Winchester. As this would mean additional expense, there was but little prospect for him to go. I knew that if he went to Colorado, with my husband's assistance in getting him located so he could earn some of his expenses, he could graduate at the University of Denver.

During my stay at home I had some heartbreaking experiences with some of my relatives. Oh, the tragedy of it all as I think of it now! A brother whom I had not seen for four years came home from another neighborhood and passed through the room where I was, but did not so much as speak to me. A married sister living twelve miles away, whose husband had horses and carriages, and who had nothing to hinder her, refused to come to see me. Father was grieved over her attitude toward me, and regretting that I should have to go back without seeing her, secured a horse

and carriage and took me to her home when I was physically unfit to make the trip. At his solicitation she received me, but remained out of my sight most of the time. I had left the baby with Mother and was obliged to return the next day.

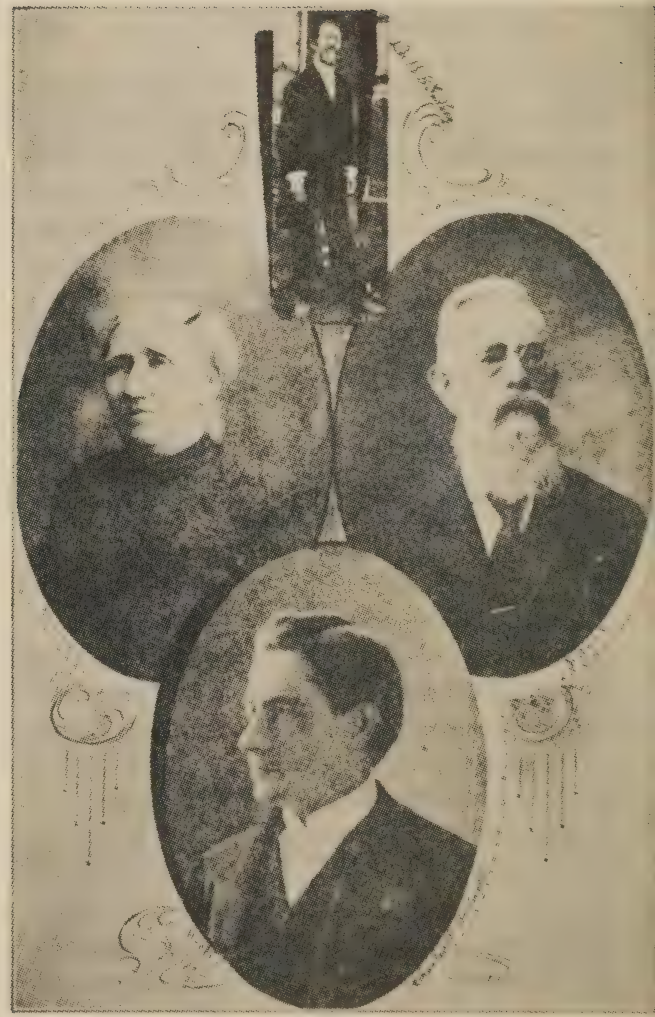
My visit in Kentucky was brought to an end, when, after six weeks, the doctor said the baby had sufficiently recovered for me to start back with him to Colorado. When we were nearing Kansas City he took a relapse. I heard an old lady say in an undertone, "The child will not be alive when she reaches her destination." But she offered no assistance. A German also heard her remark and did all he could to relieve me of unnecessary fear. He took it upon himself to prepare some food for the baby, which agreed with him and this time it was retained. This greatly encouraged me. When the kind stranger reached his station, his parting words were, "Don't worry. The child will soon be all right." This was another manifestation of God's goodness in providing a friend in time of need.

After reaching home my brother's face was continually before me. He had not been

favorably impressed with the thought of going to Colorado, as his heart was set on finishing his education in the Kentucky Wesleyan College. I made him a special subject of prayer and held on to God for him with a determination not to let go until he was willing to come. After three months, when all doors were closed for him at home, Mother wrote me that Charles had changed his mind and wanted to come to Colorado.

My husband had aided several worthy young men and women in securing positions in Denver where they could earn a part of their expenses while attending the University. I did my best to interest him in my brother, but he treated the matter with indifference. I thought he should at least be as much interested in him as he had been in other young men, for I knew that with but little effort he could open the way for him to attend the school. His indifference was a test of my faith.

Meanwhile some friends from a former pastorate called to see us. The burden of their hearts was to get their son Jerry into the University. My husband had secured a place for their daughter in a Methodist family where



she could earn her board while she attended the school, and they were anxious for him to assist their son in securing a similar position. He assured them that he would do all he could to help Jerry. This was just what I had been trying to get him to do for my brother, and concerning which he had manifested so little interest.

I listened to the conversation between these friends and my husband until I could no longer restrain my tears, and slipping out of the house I went to the church where I could weep and pray. My husband soon followed me, anxious to know the cause of my withdrawal and my grief. When I told him, he showed more interest, and three weeks later, as a result of his efforts in securing reduced railroad rates, "Charlie" arrived in Colorado. My brother's membership was then transferred from the M. E. Church, South, at Millersburg, Kentucky, to the M. E. Church at Lamar, Colorado, where he was licensed as a local preacher.

Later my husband accompanied him to Denver, but after a few days of fruitless effort they saw that if a place opened for him it would have to be done through special prayer. When

they reached their extremity and placed the matter in the hands of the Lord, a suitable place was found.

During my husband's absence, our baby became seriously ill and I was in no condition physically to take care of him. There was no one available whose assistance could be secured, except Jennie Martin, a neighbor's girl, who could come in and stay an hour or two each day. The germs of fever were preying on my system, and though not able to be up I had the care of the sick child.

The premonition of death that I had had some time before, I knew now was from God. In my run-down condition, I became an easy prey for the disease, which took a strong hold upon me. My husband returned and watched for a time at my bedside. With difficulty he finally secured a woman to help take care of me and the child.

I reviewed the previous thirteen years of my life under the searchlight of the Holy Spirit. I had had many victories for which I rejoiced, but there had also been failures which I greatly deplored, especially those in the revival meetings of the previous winter, which

caused me much humiliation and distress. The conflict during these years had been fierce, and often I had become faint-hearted and had shrunk from the battle. Great clouds had at times hung over my spiritual sky; the cross had been carried when I had almost fainted beneath it, but never since the memorable night when I took it up had I dared to lay it down, knowing that Jesus had said, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple" (Luke 14:27). Many times I had been helped by the following hymn:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for everyone,
And there's a cross for me.

"The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me."

From day to day my body was racked with pain; burning fever was followed by hard chills, and as death seemed to be near I felt more and more my unfitness for eternity. During short intervals of restless sleep I dreamed I was a child again, climbing up to break the

icicles from the eaves of a house to quench my burning thirst. Just as I was ready to grasp them my feet would slip and they were never reached. A literal fire semed to be consuming me and I was well aware of the fact that there was no hope for me if God did not undertake. Through all my suffering my mind was perfectly clear. I was thankful for this, for I wanted to hear the Lord speak to my soul.

The woman who came to help us did so contrary to her own plans. She did all in her power to relieve my suffering, and I knew that God had sent her. The physician was faithful and seemed to feel a great responsibility upon him. Even though he was an unbeliever he felt I had a special work to do as a minister's wife. In the most critical moments, when there seemed to be no hope, he would say to the nurse and others, "This woman must not die."

The baby would often stand by my bedside and draw my arm around his neck as much as to say, "You must not leave me." The thought of his being left motherless was heart-breaking. I had heard of mothers who, when seriously ill, had become resigned to leaving their chil-

dren, but it was not so with me. One of my aunts and my oldest sister were among this number; when the end drew near, their last moments were those of greatest triumph. Some of the old saints called this "dying grace." It was evident that I did not have this, and I was disappointed; there were thorns in my pillow. I had sung many times:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Instead of my head being on His breast as the end was approaching, He seemed to be far away. I could not say:

"My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate."

I did not think I should be lost, but I wanted greater victory in my soul. Job said, "I will speak in the bitterness of my soul. I will say unto God, Do not condemn me; show me wherefore thou contendest with me. Is it good unto thee that thou shouldest . . . despise the work of thine hands. . . . ? . . . Thou knowest that I am not wicked; and there is none that

can deliver out of thine hand.... If I be wicked, woe unto me; and if I be righteous, yet will I not lift up my head. I am full of confusion; therefore see thou mine affliction" (Job 10:1-15). I was like Job, disposed to reason with God and bring my complaint before Him, going back over the thirteen years of my Christian experience, deploring my failures, and recounting my victories; but if I tried to justify myself my own mouth would condemn me. Yet withal there was a consciousness that I had made an heroic effort to please Him in all things, however much I might have come short.

My temperature reached one hundred and six degrees, and then dropped to below normal in fifteen minutes. While thinking of the child and making one more earnest plea to be spared for his sake, I heard a gentle, chiding voice say, "Is not that a selfish prayer?" I could see it then, and said, "Yes, Lord." The Christ of Calvary was bending over me. A vision of a greater work than simply living for my own child was flashing upon my soul. I had thought nothing in that hour of the other motherless children in the world, and the multitudes of men and women who were in the tombs of

spiritual death, who needed the resurrection power of Christ. Could it be possible that I had been so selfish? Another moment and the following familiar lines were going through my mind and heart:

"I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
How He left His home in glory
For the cross of Calvary.

"He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over
Where the loved ones I shall meet."

The assurance came that my life would be spared, not only to sing, but to preach the Gospel. After this I sank still lower and became unconscious. On regaining consciousness I wanted to tell the nurse that she need not be anxious about me, for the Lord would spare my life to preach the Gospel. She was slightly deaf and I was not strong enough to make her hear, and did not tell her until the next day.

After I was able to be up and around, my husband was taken sick. He did not want to give up, and for days refused to have a physician called. Until compelled to go to bed he

sat by the fire, suffering great pain. Meanwhile he happened to think that the teacher of the infant class in the Sunday school was going to leave town and it would be necessary to get another person to take her place. The person he wanted to see lived on the outskirts of the town. A cold, November wind was blowing, and as he had no one to send to her he decided to go himself. I was unable to persuade him not to run such a risk. I feared it would result in his death. He went, and a few hours after his return he had a serious relapse. At the same time the baby was suddenly threatened with croup.

We could get no help except as the neighbors would come in and offer their assistance for an hour or two. An elderly woman sat up with the baby one night when he was in the most critical condition. Observing how much I needed rest she said, "If you will lie down a while I will not take my eyes off the baby." With reluctance I took her at her word and dropped into a doze, but was as suddenly awakened as if someone had called me. She was sitting in her chair with her head thrown back, fast asleep, while the child was struggling for

breath. This so frightened me I was unwilling to trust him with her or anyone else again.

While the baby was slowly recovering, my husband was confined to his bed and growing worse. Complications had set in and he required nearly every moment of my time. I had instantly responded to every call until one night when he dropped off to sleep I took the opportunity to rest a little. I had no sooner relaxed than I heard his voice as if from a great distance. After I had made several efforts to move and failed, the Lord said, "Have you now reached your extremity and are you not willing to trust him with me?" An hour passed and I was still unable to move. During this time I seemed to be on the bosom of a great ocean. Again I heard my husband's voice. I awoke to find him propped up in bed looking into my face. A decided change had come over him and for the first time during his illness he was without pain.

As soon as my husband was able to be up, some of our Sunday school teachers came to see him about having a Christmas tree. He thought it would be just the thing to create new interest, and insisted on their making it a

success. A committee on program was appointed. A talented musician, the wife of a Lamar attorney, was chosen to take charge of the exercises and to see that the children and all those who would take part were properly trained. She was a woman of refinement and culture, but made no profession of religion, and was said to be a skeptic. She suggested that we have a cantata, provided I could take a leading part—that of a grandmother with grandfather entertaining their grandchildren on Christmas eve. Grandmother had to appear in old woman's costume, with knitting in hand. On the program was a solo which she had to sing in a broken voice.

With conscience smiting me during the rehearsals, I begged many times to be excused, but was repeatedly refused. My husband pleaded with me to go on with it for his sake. It was difficult to refuse him when he was ill, but thinking perhaps he would be satisfied if I could get someone to take my place I went to the director and insisted on her getting someone else. But she said that if I refused to carry out the part assigned to me, she would have nothing more to do with the Christmas

exercises. For this reason I supposed I would be compelled to comply with her wishes.

The tree was beautifully decorated and loaded down with presents. Fearing that some child would be missed, my husband asked me to stop at the church and see that none was overlooked. The excitement from first to last was too much for him and his temperature rose higher than it had for many days. I wanted to stay at his bedside, but he would not consent to this, thinking my presence was needed at the church. Several times during the afternoon, when he supposed I was helping with the tree, I was standing on the steps listening to his breathing through the slightly opened door.

Skillful hands had arranged the drapery and decorated the platform, until the church looked more like a theater than a house of prayer. The Sunday school superintendent, who appeared with me as grandfather and sang in the first part of the exercises, retired and came out as Santa Claus. Many of the children recognized his voice, and were perplexed over the matter. In spite of the effort put forth to treat all the children alike, some were over-

looked, and their parents manifested their displeasure by taking them out of our Sunday school. On leaving the church that night, I expressed my resolution never to have anything more to do with a Christmas entertainment. The church officials heard this and were greatly offended.

It was the middle of January before my husband recovered from his illness. Soon after he was able to be up he secured the help of a preacher from another pastorate and began revival meetings. The afternoon services were very helpful to Christians, and a number of persons sought to obtain a better experience, although there was no definite preaching on sanctification. I felt a great lack in my soul and began to fast and pray.

I had not fasted much previous to this, and found it very difficult. I was addicted to the use of coffee, and naturally a headache followed a fast. By eleven o'clock I would be suffering from the lack of the stimulant to which I had been accustomed. This troubled me greatly. The assisting preacher had fasted a whole day without any inconvenience, but before noon I had resorted to coffee for relief. As the Holy

Spirit searched my heart, I realized that something was seriously wrong, but though I wept and prayed I obtained no permanent relief. The evangelist attributed my difficulty to physical ailments. I knew this was untrue, but his remarks confused me and I became less fervent in prayer. If he had understood my need, no doubt with a little help I could have prayed until I had gotten sanctified. But the evangelist knew nothing of the second work of grace, and how could he help me?

CHURCH AND PARSONAGE AT MOUNT MORRISON, COLORADO

## CHAPTER IX

### A Mountain Charge—Heart-cry for Purity

T the close of our second year at Lamar, Colorado, the church again asked for my husband's return, but I knew that it would be best for us to have a change. When our presiding elder heard of the months of illness through which we had passed he said he would do all he could to send my husband where I could have the advantage of the mountain air and pure water which the physician said I so much needed.

We packed our goods before leaving for the conference held at Denver. My husband, having finished his ministerial course, was ordained elder at this session. After two or three days, our presiding elder said he had failed to find a suitable place for us, and that it looked as if we should have to return to Lamar. We

went to our room to pray, and while on my knees the question came to me: "If it is God's will for you to return to Lamar, will you do so, even though it costs you life?" I said, "Yes, Lord." Immediately all anxious concern left me and I was resigned to do His will whatever the cost.

Later we met the presiding elder and he said, "I have found the place for you, where there is nothing to hinder Sister White from getting well." The appointment he had in mind was the little town of Morrison, seventeen miles from Denver, at the foot of the Red Rocks, known for its pure air and mountain water, and surrounded by beautiful scenery—just such a place as the physician had recommended. In a few days we were at a private boarding house in this town looking for a suitable house in which to live. The best we could find was a five-room summer cottage not suitable for winter.

When we arrived the Ladies' Aid Society was making preparations for an elaborate fair and festival, and the women were busy making cotton dogs, monkeys, rabbits, and various fancy articles to sell. They had bought a new

church organ with money obtained in this way. Before we came to Morrison, a Mrs. Ewing, President of the Aid Society, had turned a church social into a dance. Not being a member of the church, she strongly advocated card and dancing parties. She had a flattering tongue and a deceitful look, and it was evident that unstable souls would easily be beguiled by her. The church people had allowed her to handle all the money, and some said there had been much more paid in at the church festivals than she had accounted for. When she learned that we were opposed to church fairs and suppers she gathered a company of women at the home of one of her friends to outdo us in her contention for church frolics. I was advised not to attend this meeting, since I was not well, but when the time came I felt I must go, and went.

This woman called the meeting to order and made a speech in favor of church festivals, to which there were many assenting voices. We were outnumbered five to one. When everything was apparently going her way, I said, "I have heard that you have run the Aid Society into a dance and to the devil, and it looks

very much as if were true." There was an outburst of wrath from her sympathizers, and it was some time before quiet was restored. She declared that my husband's salary would be a "slim affair" after this, and that she did not believe we would receive five dollars between that and spring.

When I found some of our best people undecided as to whether wisdom had been used in my manner of speech and procedure, I was troubled and asked Sister Johnson to go home with me and pray about it. Before leaving I uttered a few sentences of prayer, and the glory of God began to fill my soul. I rose to my feet feeling that whomsoever else I had offended, I had pleased the Lord. I dreaded most of all to have the presiding elder hear about it, although I believed him to be the most spiritual overseer we had ever had.

Regardless of our protests, the trustees gave their consent for the festival to be held in the church. It was a veritable "Vanity Fair," and some persons said it would have disgraced a common hall, much more a house of worship. All of this was done in the name of Christianity to help raise the pastor's salary; but as he

would not accept money raised in this way it was laid aside for his successor. There were no more church festivals while we remained on the charge.

Instead of having our support cut off, money came from the most unexpected sources to supply our needs. John Ross, the leading merchant and business man of the town, although making no profession of Christianity, heard of the stand we had taken against church socials, and placed a twenty-dollar gold piece in my husband's hand, saying that as long as he had a store we should not want for anything. After this he continued to give liberally to our support.

The gambling devil had taken possession of one of the church trustees, who still maintained a fair outward appearance in business life and an apparent devotion to his wife and her two sons by a former husband. But the empty shell of his profession collapsed with the loss of one of the best properties in the town—a house belonging to his wife—which he had gambled away. On this sudden downfall he went away without saying good-by to his family, and deftly covered his tracks.

As the holiday season was approaching the people began to plan for a Christmas tree and a musical program and were very anxious for our cooperation. My husband had no convictions against Christmas trees and entertainments, and gave his consent. From my experience of the previous winter I knew it was wrong, and was sure that it would not be a success. On the night of the 23d there was a heavy snowfall which lasted all the next day; only a few persons were seen on the streets and some of them had to ride horseback to get around. It was plain to me that light was being given to walk in and that the failure of the whole thing was providential, though others refused to believe it.

Physicians had said the use of coffee was injuring my health. My husband offered to get me a piano if I would promise to dispense with it and never use it again. I gave him my promise, and a few weeks later he brought a beautiful Weber piano into our home. I was delighted with it. He had some money in a building and loan association which he used to buy the piano.

When the next meal was served I was dis-

tressed when asked if I would have coffee. Some time previously I had done without it for six months, but the struggle had ended in defeat. I wanted to keep my word, and fully intended to do so, but my courage failed, and bursting into tears, I said, "I can't give it up!" I can never forget the pained look on my husband's face when he saw that I was wavering. I told him that I could give the instrument up, but could not go through what I had in the past in trying to do without coffee. He saw nothing else to do but to submit to my weakness, and of course he let me keep the instrument.

Many times I had promised the Lord I would sing for Him, and had spent some time each day in voice culture. I knew there were people who sang the Gospel, and hoped that I could do good in this way. My voice was strong, compassing over three octaves, and a specialist to whom I had gone for advice had given me much encouragement, all of which tended to divert my attention from preaching, which I felt I should do.

On the 24th of August, 1892, Ray, our second son, was born. I was now the mother

of two children, and broken in health. From a human point of view I could see no way to fulfill my promise to the Lord to preach the Gospel. The tempter at times tried to make me believe I had never been called to preach yet from time to time I would dream that I was standing before large audiences and that burning messages from my lips held the people spellbound. On awaking I would say, "Oh, if this could only be a reality; if the words would come as they do in my dreams, how wonderful it would be!" I knew nothing at this time of the baptism of the Holy Spirit, or of what it means to deliver a message under divine inspiration, and this God was trying to show me even in my dreams.

When our presiding elder came I listened to every word he said, hoping to catch something that would give me light. I knew that I needed to be sanctified, but whether it was God's plan for me to have such an experience at this time I did not know. As time went on I was more and more convinced that it was His will to sanctify me and that I had already put it off too long. It frightened me to think of going to the Judgment and finding when it was

too late that the great plan of salvation had been only in part fulfilled in my life.

John the Baptist said, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire" (Matt. 3:11). Was it not this baptism that I needed? The Holy Spirit was showing me that something more was necessary to complete my salvation and establish me in grace. Some of the old-time saints called this "dying grace." I believed that a common-sense view of it was to have *living* grace. I supposed that when the experience of sanctification had once been received it could not be lost; therefore I did not understand my husband, who had claimed to be sanctified before we were married. Comparing my experience with his—contrary to 2 Corinthians 10-12—I concluded that if he were sanctified it was useless for me to seek the blessing. He had talked and written to me on this subject, and knelt with me once when I had prayed for it: but after we were married he had said no more about it, except in a general way, as ministers without the experience often do.

I went with my husband to Denver to hear two evangelists who were supposed to be conducting great revivals, hoping to learn the secret of their success; but I found nothing out of the ordinary in their services and left their meeting greatly disappointed. They had worked up some excitement, but their conversions were not real, as is usually the case in the popular, card-signing revivals. Later I went to hear "Mother" Van Cott, a famous woman preacher, but received no help from her. The train on her skirt and her fashionably dressed hair revealed the pride of her heart, and this was enough for me. I read D. L. Moody's books, but failed to find any clear teaching on the subject of the carnal mind and its destruction.

My soul thirsted for the waters of life, only to be mocked by broken cisterns and to be turned away unsatisfied.

> "I longed for inward strife to cease,
> And prayed to have His perfect peace."

On a certain occasion when my husband returned from Denver he said that we were both living beneath our privileges, and that he intended to renew his covenant with God. There

was nothing encouraging in this to me for I had renewed mine many times, only to be met with the same difficulties. Birthdays and holidays were special days of covenant-making. It was my custom to watch the Old Year out and the New Year in, on my knees. I often wept on account of broken promises, then would determine to give more time to the study of God's word, to be more faithful in prayer and to try to be longsuffering and kind under all circumstances.

The enemy tried hard to make me believe that my impatience was due to the condition of my nerves, and I often excused myself in this way. I was very fond of music and art, and the physicians advised me to study both, which I did; but this failed to bring about the desired results.

Again the holiday season rolled around, and preparations were being made for another Christmas entertainment. Strong pressure was brought to bear by my husband and others to induce me to take some part in the exercises, and after protesting against doing so, I yielded. A physician in the town had been asked to take

part, regardless of the fact that he was a drunkard.

Everything was being put in readiness at the church, when a message came for my husband to go to see a woman who was dying. He went, and on returning rehearsed the sad story of a mother's suffering and death. Her husband and children stood by the bedside, no one else being present but himself. The woman had been sick for several days, but the church members, occupied with festive preparations, had failed to visit and pray with her. When I heard this gruesome story I thought of the words of Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me" (Matt. 25:45).

The last rehearsal was in progress at the church, but the physician failed to appear, giving the Sunday school committee much concern. Upon hearing of the woman's death, fearing that all was not well at home, I left the church and went to the baby (Ray) who had taken a heavy cold. My niece met me at the door and said, "I am glad you have come. The baby is worse." He was then in a feverish stupor.

The doctor was sent for and after some difficulty in finding him he was located in a saloon, half intoxicated, and this accounted for his absence from the rehearsal. After an examination he said the baby had all the symptoms of pneumonia and ordered a hot bath for him. The water was brought in at once. He tried to take the child and put him into the tub before the water was reduced to the right temperature. Here we almost had a pitched battle, I holding on to the baby, and he trying to take him from my arms. Later my husband came in, and thinking I was unnecessarily concerned about the child, proceeded to tell us that everything was in readiness at the church. The doctor had forgotten the Christmas exercises for the time, but after listening to my husband, he was anxious to go and help sing. He advised me then to wrap the child up in a shawl or blanket and leave him on the bed in the house alone, saying he would be all right when we returned. My husband, knowing that I could not be prevailed upon to go, decided to stay at home with me.

The day passed and the night gathered her shadows in the canyon about our home, while

my soul brooded in heaviness. Feeling that God had permitted affliction to come to chasten us, I begged Him to stay the hand of death that was reaching out for our child. Two hours later I felt that I was looking into an open grave. The stillness of the room was broken by some persons coming from the church to tell us that the Christmas entertainment had been a failure, and that the people had gone away greatly disappointed.

No tongue or pen could depict my suffering during the latter part of the night. I poured out my soul in prayer to God, but received no assurance that our baby would recover. I had failed to get his father or anyone to watch with me, and after a fearful struggle I became resigned to the will of God. I felt the blood was dripping from my heart when at last I said, "Thy will be done." The thought that the Lord would take him because of neglect on the part of my husband, and the spiritual condition of the church, was the thing that concerned me most. I had reached the end of all that I could do and had to leave him in God's hands.

There was not much change in the child's condition until about noon the next day, when

he grew worse. The doctor was somewhere trying to sober up after his drunken debauch, and about seven o'clock in the evening another physician was called who was almost a total stranger in the town. Dr. Smith, as he was known, expressed but little hope for the child's recovery. This was no surprise to me, but it was a revelation to my husband, whom I had not been able to convince of the seriousness of his condition. Had he realized it before, it would have been much easier for me to become reconciled.

At three o'clock the following morning our little Ray was sinking into eternity. His head was drawn back and his eyes were setting in death. As a final remedy the doctor applied a mustard plaster to the back of his neck. I was called to see him breathe his last. My husband said, "He will never look on our faces again," then turned, conscience-smitten, and went from the room. He had failed to keep his covenants with God, and as he entered his study he fell upon his knees and cried to Him in bitterness of soul. The night ended and the baby was still with us, having been kept alive on oxygen. The crisis had passed and he began to recover.

The attending physician took the credit to himself, and his own little girl, and two other children whom he was attending, died within two weeks. The Lord says in His word that He will not give His glory to another.

I wanted to see a revival, and determined to fast and pray to ascertain if possible what was in the way. I prayed for the church members and others, calling them by name, when the Holy Spirit whispered "Pray for yourself." As the searchlight was turned in on my heart, I cried for deliverance from the carnal mind. I longed for purity; the self-life became more and more intolerable. No one but God understood the cry of my soul, and no one came to my help. My husband seemed to have no understanding of my case whatsoever and was unable to render any assistance.

## CHAPTER X

### Consecration and Sanctification

NE Sunday evening the church organist was absent and I was called upon to take her place. The pastor did not have his usual liberty, and the Spirit moved me to give an exhortation. There was a greater burning in my soul than I had ever before experienced. I felt the Holy Spirit was speaking to me for the last time, and that I must seize this opportunity to deliver a message or grieve Him away forever.

Thoughts of Naaman and his leprosy were going through my mind. There was a book lying near me with a song entitled, "Naaman the Leper," and the enemy suggested that I sing his song instead of trying to speak. It was the last one in the book. I began to sing, and sud-

denly my eyes and voice failed, resulting in a complete breakdown. There were two persons in the congregation who contributed largely to the support of the church who did not believe a

**LEPERS OUTSIDE THE GATE**

woman should preach. Satan reminded me of this and intimated that if I did so on this occasion their help would be cut off, and the prediction of the woman who had opposed us in the stand we had taken against church suppers and

entertainments would come true. For a moment I hesitated, but by the help of Him who had promised never to leave nor forsake me, I was enabled to triumph. I threw the song book aside and stood trembling before the congregation, when instantly my lips were touched as with a live coal and a fiery stream of words went forth. All fear left me and for the first time I discovered that the secret of preaching is not in carefully prepared sermons, "but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." The inspiration came from above. The message struck the audience with such power that they sat spellbound. A young man said afterwards that he felt the bottomless pit was opening to receive him. I had a premonition that this anointing would not be abiding, and after leaving the church my soul was plunged into greater darkness than before. Like Job, the thing that I feared had come upon me. The Holy Spirit taught me a great lesson by momentarily resting upon me. I was not sanctified, and He could not abide in an unclean temple. Conditions had to be met before He could sanctify me wholly. One's consecration must be complete to obtain the pearl of great price and as

yet I had not complied with the requirements. In anguish I cried:

"Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast."

In this hour of darkness I was left to weep over my desolation without human help or sympathy. I asked my husband to pray with me, but after uttering a few words he expressed himself as not being able to understand me, and retired for the night, leaving me alone.

Jeremiah says, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately sick" (17:9, R.V.). There was no help for me except through the blood of Christ, which could be made effectual only through consecration and faith. Had there been someone to instruct me, I should no doubt have been saved from the two weeks' struggle which followed; however, by the Lord's help I was enabled to take the definite steps of consecration, and all was laid upon the altar for time and eternity.

I had had a great desire to have my voice trained, and had spent much time on it, but now I turned it over to the Lord, willing to

have it a success or a failure as He saw best.

Among the last things surrendered was coffee, which the doctor had said was injurious to my health. When I gave it up for Jesus' sake I had no more desire for it. My previous efforts to give it up had failed, but now with the help of the Lord it was made easy for me. To Him be all the glory. All was on the altar now, and I wondered why the fire did not fall and consume the sacrifice. My husband noticed the change that had come over me, and knowing that I needed help in both soul and body, took me to see a physician living in Denver, who claimed to be a sanctified man.

On the 15th of March, nine days after I had made my consecration, I was in the doctor's office waiting for any instructions that he might be able to give. He received me very cordially, and after asking a few questions about our work, said, "I understand you have been preaching." He was careful to avoid any questions concerning my health. He no doubt felt I needed help for my soul more than for the body. He told me how, when seeking sanctification, he had fasted and prayed for thirty-six hours or more and how wonderfully the

Lord had come and done the work in his heart. I had never abstained from food for long, and wondered if I could hold out as long as he had. He said he believed that I was consecrated and asked me to take sanctification by faith. He was very urgent, and while waiting on our knees in prayer I agreed to do as he advised.

A number of patients were waiting in an adjoining room, and I felt it would not be right to take any more of his time; so my husband and I started for home. We had not gone more than a block when I felt that I was a hypocrite for claiming something I did not have. Frightened at the thought, I let go of the promises, and was soon in greater distress than before. After reaching home I fasted and prayed for nearly forty-eight hours, searching the Scriptures more diligently than ever. At almost every place that I opened the Bible my eyes rested on some passage relating to holiness or the enduement of power. The following scriptures I read and re-read in my search for holiness of heart: "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14); "Be ye holy; for I am holy" (Lev. 19:2; 1 Pet. 1:-

16); "Put on the new man, . . . created in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. 4:24); "That we should be holy . . . . before him" (Eph. 1:4); "This is the will of God, even your sanctification" (1 Thess. 4:3). There was no going back; I must go forward now for it was holiness or hell for me.

On the 16th I went to my husband's study and asked him if he had any books on the subject of holiness. He pointed to a bookshelf where there were a number written by different authors, among them, Steele's *Love Enthroned,* Bishop Foster's *Christian Purity,* J. A. Wood's *Perfect Love,* Wesley's *Christian Perfection,* and M. W. Knapp's *Out of Egypt into Canaan.* I took the last on account of its title. I knew the bondage of sin before I crossed the Red Sea of conversion and what it was to have the wilderness experience. I read about the Canaan of rest, but was a stranger to it even though my feet were at the Jordan's edge, where I had been waiting many days for the waters to part. For years I had eaten of the manna that fell from heaven, and had drunk of the water that flowed from the smitten rock, often quenching my burning thirst, and now the Promised Land

was lying out before me. I had a glimpse of something better than a wilderness experience. There were milk and honey, old corn and new wine, but between me and this wonderful land rolled a river overflowing its banks.

All fear of the giants of the land had left me and the only question was how to enter in. I knew that a crisis of vital importance was at hand and that the matter must be settled at once. I dared not sleep, and spent the night in prayer. The morning dawned and apparently no progress had been made, unless it was that my desire to possess the land had increased.

In the early part of the second night I dropped off to sleep, hoping to awake in Canaan. But it was not God's plan to take me over in my sleep; the event was of too much importance. I opened my eyes just as the clock was striking eleven, disappointed to find the Jordan still rolling between me and the Promised Land.

It was now the 18th of March (1893), fourteen years after my conversion. Two sleepless nights had been spent during this time of fasting and prayer: the darkness was growing

more intense and I seemed to be on the verge of despair.

My husband had had a slight attack of asthma and was sleeping for a few nights in a room where he could have more air. He knew nothing of the ordeal through which I was passing until I went to his room and told him I could never help him again in his church work, since I had utterly failed to get the experience of sanctification which I had so much desired and for which I had been seeking definitely for three days.

I felt that if deliverance from the carnal mind did not come there was nothing awaiting me but death. He said a few words to encourage me, but was at a loss for something more to say. Finally he said, "Jesus loves you more than I do and more than your mother possibly could." As I felt myself sinking, he said, "The everlasting arms are beneath you." His statement seemed almost too wonderful to be true. At that moment I could see Jesus on the cross looking at me with great pity and compassion. His head was crowned with thorns and blood dropped from His brow. Never had I seen such a picture. Only for a mo-

ment were my eyes fixed upon Him when I was enabled to say, "His blood cleanses me from all sin, and underneath are the everlasting arms." In the twinkling of an eye my feet were placed on holy ground. The struggle was over. There was no particular manifestation of God's power, but I had great soul rest. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The enemy suggested that the blessing was not great enough and that I must have something more before I could claim to be sanctified wholly. I said, "Get thee behind me, Satan! my heart is cleansed and is henceforth the abiding place of the Holy Spirit." There was a deep realization of purity in the depths of my inmost soul such as I had never known before. My heart, which had been like a whitened sepulcher, was now transparent, the temple of the Holy Spirit, and I was willing for the whole world to look through it. There was no fear that the Comforter would leave the house of which He had taken possession. My heart burst forth in Lowell Mason's hymn:

"O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I show the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine,

I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

"I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

"I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known."

Years have passed and there never since has been a time that I have not been conscious of the abiding presence of God's Holy Spirit. When sorely tested and tried I have stood by faith and claimed the victory through the blood. I have said, "The blood cleanseth, the blood cleanseth me now." In the most trying hour I have held fast the profession of my faith without wavering, and God has given me the reward of faith.

Robed in the garments of purity my soul had at last awakened as if in obedience to the

command of the prophet, who said, "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments.... Shake thyself from the dust;... loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion" (Isa. 52:1-2).

My bands were broken, I had arisen from the dust and was robed in the garments of purity. "Therefore my people shall know my name; therefore they shall know in that day that I am he that doth speak; behold, it is I" (Isa. 52:6). He had spoken to my soul; I had proved the truth of His word: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins" (Matt. 1:21). "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate" (Heb. 13:12). Years before, He had saved me from my actual transgressions; now He had cleansed me from inbred defilement. The Lord Jehovah made bare His holy arm and I knew His great salvation. For me the wilderness and the desert (my soul) blossomed as the rose. The problem of years was solved; I had found the great salvation that is destined to fill the earth and cover it as the waters cover the sea.

Out of the fullness of my heart I wrote the following verses:

The joys of salvation are flowing,
I'm living in Canaan's fair land;
I came to the great swelling Jordan
And crossed o'er with Joshua's band.
My heart is now filled with His rapture,
My days are so happy and blest;
I'm singing and shouting His praises,
Oh, how could there be sweeter rest!

In Canaan there's fruit in abundance,
In gardens where olive trees grow;
I drink the new wine of the kingdom
Where rivers of life ever flow.

The shadows that once gathered 'round me,
No longer my pathway pursue;
I'm walking through vales of His promise,
Near hills that are sparkling with dew.
Oh, how can I tell of such rapture!
Oh, who can the mystery unfold!
The mountains are dripping with honey—
The glory of God I behold.

The days of my mourning are over,
And heaven is coming in sight;
The glory of God is appearing
O'er hills that are glowing with light.
The angelic chorus is swelling,
The saved of all ages are there,

For all who have suffered with Jesus,
His riches in glory will share.

My experience was similar to that of Kepler, who after seventeen years of unflagging toil, was rewarded by the discovery of the three great laws concerning the earth's orbit which made his name famous. In rapture over his glorious triumph he exclaimed, "Nothing holds me! The die is cast! The book is written, to be read now or by posterity, I care not which! It may well wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer!"

The young apprentice knew that the truth of his discovery must be accepted sooner or later. They were laws of God which were in operation when the morning stars sang together, and were coexistent with Himself. And so with the law of holiness; God is holy, and all who expect to live in harmony with Him and escape the penalty of sin must be made holy. The command, "Be ye holy; for I am holy," is provided for, Peter says, by "the precious blood of Christ, . . . . who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world" (1 Pet. 1:16-20), and was typified by the bloody

sacrifice which Abel brought as an offering for sin. God's eternal foreknowledge of Christ's redeeming sacrifice, and His purpose to have us sanctified through it, adds to our obligation to receive and maintain a holy life before Him.

I had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church since I was twelve years of age, and had heard pastors, presiding elders, and bishops preach, but did not remember ever having heard a definite sermon preached on the second work of grace, notwithstanding the fact that the doctrine of holiness has been called "the brightest star in the constellation of Methodism."

The cry everywhere is that holiness splits the churches, and this is true—it splits off the part that is savable. If it were not so no one would escape the judgments of God, since the fallen churches will become the storm-centers of His wrath during the great tribulation.

"No man putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment, for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse" (Matt. 9:16). The new cloth shows the old filthy rags of depravity at a disadvantage, and when the exposure is made

there must be a separation. People in the modern churches are spending their lives in the old-bottle-and-rag business; they have become so accustomed to handling these goods that it is almost impossible to induce them to deal in any other. Nevertheless, the new bottles of spiritual wine and the garments of purity can be had when conditions are met and the price is paid. A person is very foolish to hold on to an old, patched-up garment when he can have a new one.

A popular evangelist once told of a revival meeting in a southern state where a holiness preacher was in charge. There was a cry from some of the people that the church was in danger of being split. The preacher told them that if this were true there was hope, for then a part of it could be saved, but he very much feared the church was like an old gum log that could not be split. A noted author says, "No legitimate efforts to promote holiness tend to *division among Christians.*" This is true; sin *alienates* and *divides;* holiness *unites* and *binds* true saints together and constitutes the strongest bond of union in the Church of God.

## CHAPTER XI

### The Bible a New Book

FTER the Lord sanctified my soul the Bible became a new book to me. I found that the Old Testament abounded in holiness symbolism, and as I studied the types under the illumination of the Holy Spirit my soul was thrilled from day to day with holy inspiration and fed on the bread of life. In the New Testament great gold mines of truth opened to me. I had riches untold, and as my heart was in ecstasy over the newly-found treasures I could not help but exclaim, "Ah, thou subtle, lurking foe, thou archfiend of the pit; enemy of all righteousness: thou didst cheat me out of my inheritance and keep me on the borderland of thy dominions where my soul was harassed by doubts and fears and by the demons of night, until at last, through the cleansing blood, deliverance came."

When the blind man received the first touch he saw men as trees walking (Mark 8:24). After having received the second touch his vision was clear and objects no longer appeared to him in undue proportions. I had seen bishops, presiding elders, pastors, and others, who were great in the sight of men, as trees walking. But Jesus, the great Healer, touched my spiritual eyes the second time and gave me perfect sight. I no longer saw giants of the old churches as tall trees moving about; they were merely men and were given their proper place in my estimation. Some of them seemed to be of little consequence in the service of the Lord. I understood now how the things that are highly esteemed among men are an abomination in God's sight.

All the self-seeking, money-loving, conference wire-pulling, that is so characteristic of preachers in the modern pulpits, is of the world, of which Satan is the prince. After a person has received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, he can see that the conference giants are weaklings, manipulating the ecclesiastical machinery for selfish and mercenary purposes.

I had been so long in the wilderness under

**SELF-SEEKING PROPHETS OF THE MODERN MINISTRY**

incompetent leaders who failed to declare the whole counsel of God, I felt now that my light must be put on a candlestick that those who were in the shadows as I had been might be benefited thereby. The scripture says, "Ye are my witnesses," and I knew that in order to keep the experience of sanctification I should have to take a stand for the truth and give forth no uncertain sound. Jesus said, "For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels" (Luke 9:26). He had committed a great treasure to my care and required me to be a faithful steward. He had sanctified me wholly and put my feet on the solid Rock.

For years I had made the mistake of trying to get sanctified by works, but had miserably failed. Now at last through consecration and simple faith in the atoning blood, my heart was instantly cleansed from all spiritual defilement and flooded with heavenly light.

Two hours after I was sanctified my husband left to fill an appointment at Elk Creek, Colorado. Before the day was gone I was im-

pressed to write and tell him that there was not a shadow of doubt in my mind that the Lord had sanctified me wholly. As soon as I had written my testimony my heart began to overflow with joy. Before a week had passed the old accuser tried me to what seemed to be the limit of my grace, but the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him (Isa. 59:19). I soon learned that the outward attacks of the enemy had nothing to do with my soul-life within. The blood cleansed me from all sin and Jesus was enthroned in my heart. I could truly say, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

In the seventh chapter of 2 Kings we have an account of the famine of Samaria when the Syrians besieged the city. Mothers were brought to the extremity of slaying and eating their own children. There were four lepers on the outside of the walls of the city who said, "Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there: and if we sit still here, we die also Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians: if they save us alive, we shall live, and if they kill

us, we shall but die." Before I was sanctified I was in a condition similar to these lepers, and after receiving this wonderful experience I knew, as they did when they found and plundered the tents of the Syrians, that if I did not tell it to the King's household (church) some mischief would befall me. They said, "We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us; now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household."

They entered the first tent, ate and drank and carried away from thence silver and gold and hid it, but not until they reached the *second* tent did they reason among themselves and decide to go and tell the news to the famishing multitudes inside the walls of the city. I found riches in the tent of regeneration when my sins were pardoned and I received the witness of the Spirit to salvation, but when I reached the second tent, that of sanctification, I found riches untold. I knew then I must be a faithful steward or suffer the consequences.

God had prophets in the old dispensation who would obey Him at any cost and were

equal to every occasion. At this time of Israel's great extremity, Elisha, the Lord's own anointed, appeared on the scene. He said, "Tomorrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria." On the day he made this prophecy, food could not be bought at any price. The astonishingly low price for which the prophet said food would be sold, to the doubters looked an impossibility. A lord on whose hand the king leaned said, "Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?" The prophet replied, "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof." At the time stated, on the next day, this man whom the king appointed to have charge of the gates was trodden upon and died. He lived to see the fulfillment of the prophecy, but was not permitted to satisfy his hunger because he had doubted the word of the Lord.

The dead man in the gate is a good illustration of the preachers in the modern churches. If people find the bread of life they have to walk through the gates of fallen ecclesiasticisms, and over preachers who are spiritually

dead, and go without the camp to get it. When the preachers who have charge of the gates (churches) fail to swing them open and let the people have the bread of life they are sealing their doom.

The modern pulpits are largely occupied by men who refuse to preach the truth themselves or let others do so. They and their official boards would no more let fire-baptized ministers of the Gospel preach to their worldly congregations than the Pharisees and masters in Israel would have allowed John the Baptist to preach in their synagogues in his day. The fact is, John lost his head without ever having entered one of their so-called places of worship. He did not venture to go among them, knowing that it was of no use; but when they came to his meetings on the banks of the Jordan, he called them a generation of vipers and said, "Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" There is nothing more unpopular in all the world than true religion; it takes as much of the martyr spirit to stand and be true now as it did when Christians were being burned at the stake.

Jesus said, "Woe unto you, scribes and

Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.... Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also." Jesus compared the Pharisees to "whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness" (Matt. 23:13, 26, 27).

A person who is sanctified wholly has a discerning spirit and will expose iniquity in high places. Caleb and Joshua entreated the people to go forward and possess the land (Num. 14), but the preachers of today act the part of the ten spies who feared and trembled before the giants and declared the land of Canaan (the experience of sanctification) could not be possessed.

There are perhaps more doubters in perdition than any other class of people. It is a fearful thing to doubt the Word of God. The report of the spies caused the Hebrew children to go back into the wilderness where they wandered for forty years, enduring fearful priva-

tions and hardships, and even then they were cut off from seeing the land; only the younger generation was permitted to go in. May God have mercy upon those who block up the way by unbelief! Taking the Israelites as an example, the author of the book of Hebrews exhorts Christians to fear lest they should fail to enter into their inheritance through unbelief. Canaan not only symbolizes heaven, but the sanctified life. "We which have believed do enter into rest" (Heb. 4:3).

"I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears.
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led unerring
To the land I hold today.

"Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright?

"I am drinking at the fountain
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river
And my soul is satisfied:

There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away."

"And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined. .... And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God;... we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation" (Isa. 25:6-9).

## OUT OF AND INTO

The following beautiful poem contrasts the Egypt of sin with the Canaan of a holy life:

"He brought us out, .... that he might bring us in" (Deut. 6:23).

Out of the distance and darkness so deep,
Out of the settled and perilous sleep,
Out of the region and shadow of death,
Out of its foul and pestilent breath,
Out of the bondage and wearying chains,
Out of the companionship ever with stains:
Into the light and the glory of God,
Into the holiest cleansed by the blood,
Into the arms, the embrace and the kiss,
Into the scene of ineffable bliss.

Into the quiet of infinite calm,
Into the place of the song and the psalm.
Wonderful love that has wrought all for me:
Wonderful grace that has thus set me free,
Wonderful ground upon which I have come,
Wonderful tenderness, welcoming home.

Out of the horror of being alone,
Out and forever of being my own;
Out of the hardness of heart and of will,
Out of the longings which nothing could fill,
Out of the bitterness, madness and strife,
Out of myself and all I call life:—
Into communion with Father and Son,
Into the sharing of all that Christ won,
Into ecstacies full to the brim,
Into the having of all things with Him,
Into Christ Jesus, there ever to dwell,
Into more blessings than words e'er can tell.
Wonderful lowliness draining my cup!
Wonderful purpose that ne'er can give up!
Wonderful patience that waited so long,
Wonderful story to which I belong.

Out of my poverty into His wealth,
Out of my sickness into pure health,
Out of the old into the new,
Out of the false into the true,
Out of what measures the full depth of "Lost."
Out of it all—but at infinite cost!
Into what must with the cost correspond,
Into that which there is nothing beyond,

Into the union which nothing can part,
Into what fills every want of the heart,
Into the deepest of joys ever had—
Into the gladness of making God glad.
Wonderful Person whose face I behold!
Wonderful story then all to be told!
Wonderful, all the dread way that He trod,
Wonderful end, He has brought me to God!

—*Unknowr*

# BEULAH

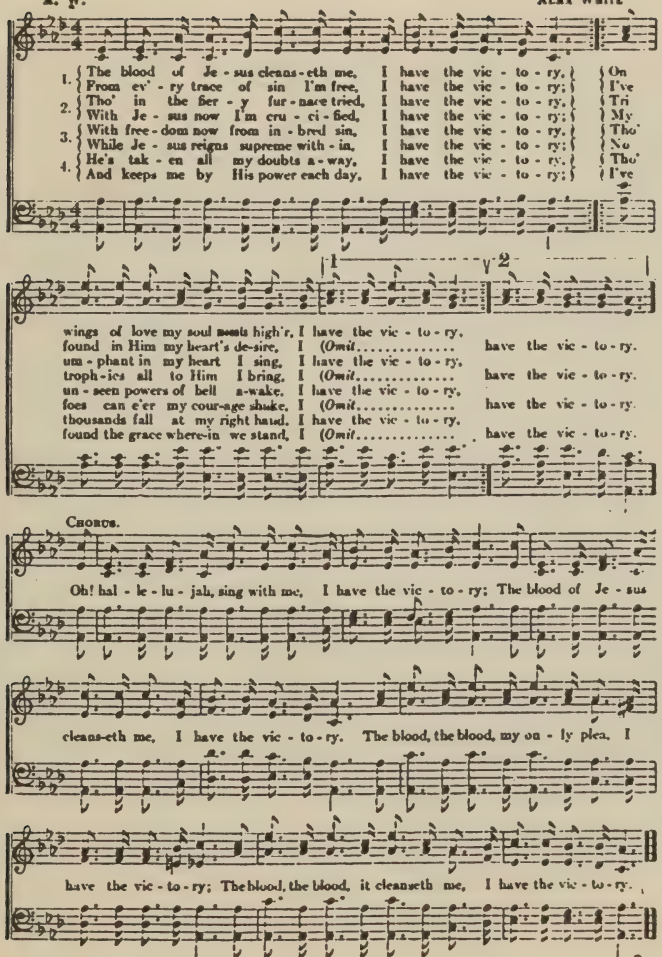
Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married. And as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.—Isa. 62:4-5.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.—Cant. 2:10-12.

Now I saw in my dream, that the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering in the country of Beulah (Isa. 62:4; Cant. 2:10-12), whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear on the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was on the borders of heaven. In this land also the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over his bride so did their God rejoice over them." Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying, "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold thy salvation cometh! Behold, His reward is with Him!" Here all the inhabitants of the country called them "The holy people, and redeemed of the Lord," "sought out," etc.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

# I Have the Victory

A. W. ALMA WHITE


1. The blood of Je - sus cleans - eth me, I have the vic - to - ry, On
From ev' - ry trace of sin I'm free, I have the vic - to - ry; I've
2. Tho' in the fier - y fur - nace tried, I have the vic - to - ry, Tri
With Je - sus now I'm cru - ci - fied, I have the vic - to - ry; My
3. With free - dom now from in - bred sin, I have the vic - to - ry, Tho'
While Je - sus reigns supreme with - in, I have the vic - to - ry; No
4. He's tak - en all my doubts a - way, I have the vic - to - ry, Tho'
And keeps me by His power each day, I have the vic - to - ry; I've
1 2
wings of love my soul mounts high'r, I have the vic - to - ry,
found in Him my heart's de-sire, I (Omit..... have the vic - to - ry.
um - phant in my heart I sing, I have the vic - to - ry,
troph - ies all to Him I bring, I (Omit..... have the vic - to - ry.
un - seen powers of hell a-wake, I have the vic - to - ry,
foes can e'er my cour-age shake, I (Omit..... have the vic - to - ry.
thousands fall at my right hand, I have the vic - to - ry,
found the grace where-in we stand, I (Omit..... have the vic - to - ry.
CHORUS.
Oh! hal - le - lu - jah, sing with me, I have the vic - to - ry; The blood of Je - sus
cleans-eth me, I have the vic - to - ry. The blood, the blood, my on - ly plea, I
have the vic - to - ry; The blood, the blood, it cleanseth me, I have the vic - to - ry.

MISSIONARY HOME AND BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL, 2348 CHAMPA STREET, DENVER, COLORADO

## CHAPTER XII

### THE BIBLE A NEW BOOK (Continued)

HE writer of the book of Hebrews says, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his. Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief" (4:9-11). Nearly the whole of the fourth chapter of Hebrews is a discourse on the rest of soul that is obtained in sanctification. When a person becomes truly sanctified he ceases from his own works. He has entered into the Sabbath rest of the soul where the Holy Spirit works in and through him to the salvation of others.

The Seventh-day Adventists who advocate the keeping of Saturday as the day of rest have

missed the substance and grasped the shadow. "Verily my sabbaths ye shall keep: for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations; that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you. Ye shall keep the sabbath therefore: for it is holy unto you: every one that defileth it shall surely be put to death. .... It is a sign between me and the children of Israel forever" (Ex. 31:13-17).

It has been clearly stated that the seventh day Sabbath under the law was a symbol of the rest of soul to be obtained in sanctification, and this meaning is fully carried out in the New Testament.

The experience of regeneration is not sufficient to give people a full understanding of what this rest of soul truly is. One must have the second work of grace in order to fully comprehend it. When the carnal mind has been destroyed, one will have the keys to the Scriptures and there will be clear spiritual vision.

When Alexander the Conqueror asked Diogenes what favor he could bestow upon him, the humble philosopher replied, "Get out of my sunshine." The man of sin, though kept in bonds under grace, eclipses our vision of

Christ. Paul declares that the body of sin must be destroyed. This is the office work of the Holy Spirit when all conditions have been met on the part of the seeker. The work then may be accomplished in the twinkling of an eye. When the man of sin dies, unholy ambitions and aspirations die and a person no longer conforms to the world. He is a pilgrim and a stranger here, seeking a city to come.

I never had been associated with holiness people and knew nothing of the holiness movement until after I was sanctified. There had been no controversy on this subject where I had attended church, and I did not know that bishops and presiding elders were opposed to the Wesleyan doctrine and experience of sanctification; and a new world was now opening before me.

Providentially a holiness publication fell into my hands. I found it to be entirely different from *The Methodist Christian Advocate* that had been coming to our home for so many years. I read and reread the holiness paper and found food for my soul. Later another publication of the same character was sent to me. I immediately began to take subscriptions

for this paper. Within three weeks it was coming to at least thirty homes on my husband's charge. Ten dollars was given me for a Christmas present, and this I used in sending the paper to relatives and others. I found there was no better way to preach the Gospel than by spreading holiness literature.

While doing all I could to preach the doctrine of sanctification, it grieved me to think of having to spend my life in a church where the ministry and almost the entire membership knew nothing of the experience and rather looked upon it as fanaticism or a delusion of the mind. I felt it would be impossible for me to stay in the old Church and keep my experience. No one can keep the experience of sanctification who does not bear witness to it and let his light shine. If he has put all on the altar and paid the price he must tell what God has done for his soul or forfeit that which he has received. There are those who profess to be sanctified who know nothing of the experience. They can testify anywhere among carnal professors and there will be no opposition. A minister may preach the theory and no one will object if he does not have the experience.

From the time of my conversion I had been willing to sacrifice everything that I might devote my life to the service of the Lord. I had earned nearly a thousand dollars teaching school the year before I was married, and there were bright prospects ahead of me in the departments of music, art, and literature, besides other vocations to which I was strongly inclined. But all was sacrificed to enter a life of service for Christ in the Methodist Church. I had my membership transferred from the Southern Methodist Church to the M. E. Church, in which my husband expected to spend his life.

I had labored to help educate my brother Charles for the ministry, making many sacrifices to help him through college, remembering the anxious look upon Mother's face when, upon a bed of affliction, she prayed to God to spare her life to hear him preach the Gospel. Charlie claimed to get sanctified while attending school at Millersburg, Kentucky. But, like many others in the old Church, he lost the experience before he became established.

After Samson laid his head in the lap of Delilah and was shorn of his strength, he went

out and shook himself and "wist not that the Lord was departed from him" (Judges 16:20). Delilah sybolizes the fallen Church. Fabulous sums are being placed in her coffers to pay college professors, bishops, presiding elders, and other high church officials, to carry on the business of shearing the Lord's prophets, or holiness preachers.

Young men with bright prospects as ministers of the Gospel enter some church institution, only to become shaken in their experiences by the influence of unorthodox theological professors. It is impossible for a young man under present-day conditions to run the gauntlet of the theological seminaries and keep salvation. He must submit to the shearing process in these institutions or be ridiculed and looked upon as peculiar and fanatical.

Samson, in the glory of his strength, rent a lion like a kid. He caught three hundred foxes, tied firebrands between their tails and destroyed the grain fields of the Philistines. While the divine anointing was upon him he was a terror to evil-doers and knew no defeat. When a person receives the Holy Spirit he will spread the holy fire and strike terror to the enemies

of the cross. Samson slew a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. The Almighty still supplies His fire-baptized preachers with the weapons to defeat the enemies of righteousness. The difficulty is in finding those who are willing to use them. Not one person in thousands will surrender wholly to the Lord to be used in any way He sees fit.

The men of Israel said, "Knowest thou not that the Philistines are rulers over us? What is this that thou hast done unto us?" These backslidden Israelites are examples of the weaklings in the modern pulpits who have lowered the gospel standard and have sold out the cause.

The next we learn of Samson he is down at Gaza; here the lords of the Philistines compassed him about and lay in wait all night at the gate of the city, intending to kill him the next morning. God knew their wicked intention and put it in the heart of Samson to arise at midnight and take the doors of the gate of the city, post, bar and all, and carry them to the top of the mountain. This mountain symbolizes Calvary; the post and bar, the cross of Jesus Christ on which the man of sin must die.

SAMSON CARRYING AWAY THE GATES OF GAZA

The lords of the Philistines were sorely vexed when Samson made his escape, and each of them offered Delilah eleven hundred pieces of silver if she would find out for them wherein his great strength lay. They bound him, using seven green withes, but he broke the withes as tow when it touches the fire. He was then bound with new ropes, but the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him and these were broken from off him as thread.

After the upper-room believers received the Holy Ghost at Pentecost they could no longer be bound with the bands of a dead ecclesiasticism, and went forth to storm the fortresses of perdition and to turn the world upside down. The Holy Spirit cannot endorse sin, and where He abides in human hearts wonderful transformations will take place. The humble Galilean fishermen with the mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit became Sons of Thunder, destined to shake empires and hurl rulers from their thrones.

The seven locks of Samson's hair were woven into a web and fastened to a beam with a pin. "Seven" here denotes perfection of strength. His foes were astonished when he

awoke out of his sleep and walked away with the beam. One cannot but exclaim, "Oh, if this Nazarite had only kept his head out of the lap of Delilah, he would have retained his great strength and escaped out of the hands of his foes!" Likewise, if the preachers only knew how to keep their heads out of the lap of the fallen Church, and had the disposition to do so, great and wonderful victories would be achieved; whereas they have become weaklings and mere figureheads in the pulpit, unable to help themselves or anyone else into a better state of grace.

Those who once had power with God and have lost their spiritual eyes are now going around like blind horses in the old beaten path of the treadmill, or like Samson, they have become the laughing-stock of men and devils. The Nazarite, who was once a terror to his enemies, after he lost his sight was hitched into the mills of the Philistines and made to grind for them. Meanwhile his enemies were having a great jubilee sacrificing to Dagon their god because, as they said, he had delivered Samson into their hands. The same conditions are apparent today. The devil is having a jubilee

over the shorn ministry. He has captured the preachers and put out their spiritual eyes; they are now grinding in the mills of this world with no hope for this life or that which is to come.

My father, who was a tanner by trade, had to have blind horses to work in the mill where the bark was prepared. Horses that could see would not always work; often they would kick out of the traces and make a dash for liberty. It was too monotonous for them, especially when they knew they were forever on the move but getting nowhere. If the preachers who have lost their spiritual vision could see the old beaten paths over which they travel, they would be shocked.

One horse used in the mill had been on the racetrack and had a record of being the winner many times. When she was turned out into the pasture she was frequently found going round and round in a path of the same circumference as that of the mill. She would keep this up and almost wear herself out if the spell was not broken. A horsewhip was kept near by, and my father would often insist on my using it on her when she was under the spell. Afterwards she would be seen grazing in the clo-

ver field. When a person is sanctified he will not be found making a circuitous route; he will be on the straight track to heaven. From day to day old landmarks will be passed and wonderful progress made. Nothing less than the baptism of the Holy Spirit will break up old ruts and dead formality.

After Samson had his locks shorn he was a pitiful object. Once the terror of backslidden Israel, and a mighty victor, single-handed, over the armies of the Philistines, now, bound with fetters of brass, he must grind in the mills of his enemies and furnish them sport.

The shorn prophets of today are the laughingstock of wicked men and devils. There is a jubilee in perdition over one who has had the Holy Spirit and fallen a victim on one's foes. If the shorn prophets would awake to the fact that their strength is gone and let their locks grow again (get reclaimed) they might yet pull the beams down upon the heads of the Philistines (old man of sin) and awaken the nations to righteousness.

Samson accomplished more by his death than by his life. The fact is, the preachers in modern pulpits are not converted and do not

feel the need of the crucifixion of the old nature. Jesus said, "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Before a person can be buried with Christ and walk in newness of life he must die to sin, for he that is dead is freed from sin. "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life" (Rom. 6:22).

It is one thing to be a servant of human organizations and another to be the servant of God. In the modern churches men have taken the reins out of His hands and are driving their own chariots. King Saul was foolish enough to do this, and his unwise and selfish course ended in self-destruction. If a preacher of the Gospel should try to keep sanctified, or even justified, and remain in the old denominations, he would lose favor with the church officials and they would give his place to someone who would please them better. The only hope, therefore, of getting to heaven is to build on the Rock against which Christ said the gates of hell should not prevail. There will be scoffs and jeers from the spectators, but one need not

mind this when one is building on a sure foundation, which the storms of this world will not be able to overthrow.

Is there any wonder that the Philistines rejoiced over Samson, who had multiplied their slain and baffled all of their wits in making his escape? After he succumbed to their power, these wicked men called for him to make sport for them.

The modern ministry, with its infidelity and unorthodox teachings, furnishes great merriment for unbelievers in high places. They invite the great pulpit orators to their banquets and have them make speeches, to ease their consciences. In 2 Timothy 4:3-5 we read, "After their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall be turned unto fables. But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."

## CHAPTER XIII

### Healing for the Body—Revival Fires on Erie Charge

HAD been broken in health for three years and a half before the Lord sanctified my soul. A few weeks after being sanctified I was enabled to exercise faith for the healing of my body. The treatments I had been taking from the best physicians, with their various prescriptions of medicine and advice for a change of climate, study of music, painting, and so forth, were carried out with but little benefit. I believed it was the will of God to heal me, and promised Him if He would do so I would use all my ransomed powers in His service.

I had no spiritual instructors and decided that I would take healing by faith, as I had sanctification. I did so, but felt no immediate

change. Several days of testing followed, during which I stood on God's promises. My neighbors felt that some change had taken place, since I had quit talking about my physical ailments. To God be all the glory!

Many times my faith has been severely tried, but in every instance the great Healer has enabled me to triumph. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all" (Ps. 34:19).

In 1898, five years after I was healed, I took a severe cold in a tent meeting at Leadville, Colorado, and for three months suffered with pain in my chest, coughing almost continuously. While conducting a revival meeting at Cripple Creek I stepped into the office of a physician, with a woman who was taking treatment for her throat. Before we left, the doctor, at her suggestion, examined my lungs. He advised me not to speak any more in the open air, intimating that I had all the symptoms of quick consumption. He handed me a prescription for cod liver oil and urged me to have it filled at the corner drug store, but I refused to comply with his request.

On returning to Denver I found the mis-

sion work had been neglected in my absence. I went to the hall the following Sunday evening feeling oppressed in both soul and body. Mother came in a few minutes before time for the service to begin, looked at me, and said, "You might as well close this mission now, for you will have to do it sooner or later." I thought she meant that it would have to be closed on account of my health, but asked her no questions.

At that instant fifteen men walked leisurely into the hall. They looked as if they were hungry in both body and soul. My heart ached for them. I had never had a greater desire to live than at that moment—not for myself, but that I might preach the Gospel and be a blessing to persons such as those before me. I knelt down and began to pray. The Spirit of God came mightily upon me and I prayed until I was completely exhausted. When I rose to my feet, I said, "Mother, the Lord has touched me." Without further preliminaries I began to preach under the anointing of the Holy Spirit. I knew that I had entered upon a new dispensation, that this and other missions under my supervision would not close and that

still others would open in new fields. Then and there the pain all left my chest and the coughing ceased.

In August, 1901, I was again on the verge of a physical collapse. I had all the symptoms of bowel consumption. The old disease had come back in a different way. I had fainted and fallen one night previous to this, wedging myself behind a bathtub, where no doubt I should have perished had someone not come to my assistance. Dr. Lamont, a well known physician connected with the Gross Medical College of Denver, was consulted. I made it clear to him that my case was in the hands of the Lord, that I did not wish to be treated—I wanted only to know the nature of my trouble. He did not hesitate to tell me that my case was beyond human help, and tried to encourage me by relating a remarkable answer to prayer that he himself had had some years before, in Australia.

"I am not a Christian," he said, "but I believe in prayer." He then told how deliverance had come to him one night when he had lost his way in a district that was infested with robbers who had killed a number of persons.

In his extremity he called upon the Lord. He was miles away from the place where he wanted to go, but seeing a light, he supposed that someone had put a lantern on the top of a barn. Reaching his destination, the place where he had seen the light, he found that no one knew about it, and concluded that it had been made to appear there in answer to his prayer. He expressed the belief that since prayer was my only hope, it would be answered in my behalf.

The advice of Dr. Lamont was a great encouragement to me, confirming me in the belief that my life would be spared to preach the Gospel. I lost no time in getting my case fully up to the Lord. When my extremity had been reached an abcess broke on my bowels and I was healed. For years I took no medicine and found the scripture true which says, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

In June, 1893, my husband was appointed to the Methodist pastorate at Erie, Colorado. We were delayed three weeks in moving, because the former pastor remained to hold a church supper before leaving for his new charge. It was not customary to do this but he seemed to have no scruples against it, how-

ever much inconvenience it might cause us.

The house we lived in was not a parsonage, but it was the only available one in the town suitable for this purpose. The preacher's wife was glad to have the opportunity to give us some information that she felt would be of vital importance to the work. It was in regard to Mr. Van Valkenburg, a local preacher in the church, who called himself the "Daddy of the town." He was the leading member of the official board, a popular town politician, and the organizer of all the lodges in the place. She said this man would expect to have the privilege of holding all the funeral services and performing all the marriage ceremonies in the church and town, and advised us, if we wished to get along without serious trouble, not to cross his will in anything.

Our baby (Ray) was just recovering from the whooping cough and an attack of indigestion. The change of water did not agree with him, and within a week after our arrival, there was but little hope for his life. On July 19 he rallied sufficiently to be taken to Glen Park, a summer resort near Palmer Lake, where he took another relapse. The Park physician left

us at half past two o'clock one morning, holding no hope for his recovery. No one but God knew my anguish of spirit, to see him sinking again in the embrace of death. He had been so miraculously spared to us before, how could I become reconciled to let him go now?

I asked the Lord to show me anything in regard to my own consecration that might stand in the way of his recovery, and the turmoil of my soul was hushed by the voice of the Holy Spirit, saying, "If he should be given back to you, would you be willing to leave him in the care of others and go out to preach the Gospel?" I felt that the Lord would not require me to be away from the children unless they were in the care of proper persons; and instantly I said, "Yes, Lord, I would prefer to see him occasionally rather than to have him taken away from us altogether." Something definite was settled then and there, and the child began to improve immediately. The next morning the crisis was passed and again he was on the road to recovery, to the surprise of the physician and neighbors.

The message of salvation began to burn in

my soul and I longed for the opportunity to preach. My husband left me alone with the two children and went back to his charge at Erie. There was no alternative, from his point of view, but for me to stay alone with them in the tent and depend upon a neighbor woman who might render some assistance in case the baby should have a relapse. Under no consideration could I have done this before the Lord sanctified me. There were times during the next few weeks when my endurance was tested to the limit, but through it all I had the sustaining grace of God and perfect rest in my soul.

There was a heavy rainstorm in the vicinity of the camp and the water poured through our tent, making it impossible for us to remain in it. I packed up everything the best I could and started home with the two children. While waiting for the train at Palmer Lake, the baby had serious trouble with his bowels again and for the next twenty-four hours it was difficult to tell what the outcome would be. I had no one to assist me in boarding the train or in finding a place to stay after we reached Denver where we should have to remain over night

before I could get a train to Erie. My husband could at least have met me at Denver, but he did not, and perhaps did not realize how much I needed help. I found later that his mind was wholly occupied with the work of his pastorate, and that he was much more concerned about what the people thought of his sermons than about the children and me.

At the first prayer meeting I attended after returning, the local preacher attributed the previous success of the church to his own personal efforts and influence. When the opportunity was given for testimonies I quoted Luke 6:26: "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets." It was an arrow directed by the Holy Spirit to his heart, for he took it all to himself. I had had no desire to wound his feelings, but his wrath burned against me. At every service where there was any opportunity to speak, he openly antagonized me when I prayed or testified.

Later, as things were becoming serious and unsettled in the church, it was decided to invite Thomas Leitch, a southern evangelist, and his singer to come and hold special meetings for

us. I had heard that the evangelist was a holiness preacher and expected a time of refreshing for my own soul. Mr. Leitch did not disappoint us, but declared the whole counsel of God and stirred the town as it had never been stirred in its history. I desired very much to be able to attend the services, but two days after the meetings began the baby took another relapse. The physician left the house on Sunday morning during the revival and reported at the church that the baby was either dying or dead. I was left alone by his side while my husband went to the barn to pray. I asked the Lord to speak to my soul, and again He said, "If the child's life is spared, will you preach the Gospel?"

It was the same question that had been asked of me two months before in the mountains when the doctor gave the baby up to die. Meanwhile I had been pondering in my mind whether the Lord would truly require me to go out in His work and leave the children in the care of others. But this experience was sufficient to remove forever all doubts as to His will and once more I said "Yes" to Him, and the messenger of death took his departure. At

this moment my husband came into the room, apparently resigned to the will of God. A number of persons came to the house in the afternoon and were surprised to find that the child was still alive and that there was hope for his recovery.

A few weeks later my husband began special services at Pleasant View, five miles from town. The baby was still delicate and required constant care. I was seeking every opportunity to study the Scriptures which were opening to me with greater and more wonderful light every day. I found the doctrine of holiness taught where I had never seen it before, in both the Old and the New Testament, and wanted to preach it to others and see them led into the experience.

I believed it was the will of God for me to take part in the meetings just started at Pleasant View, but did not know how to leave our sick child. It occurred to me that he could be left with my niece if he would only sleep during my absence. At half past six that evening he went to sleep and did not awake until eleven o'clock. The next evening he repeated this, awaking at the same hour, and just as

I was entering the door. I said that this was providential and thanked the Lord and took courage. The third evening I ventured to leave him and go again. My niece said he slept through all the hours of my absence, so I continued to leave him with her until the close of the revival.

My husband had been preaching every evening, but no one had responded when he made the altar call. After he had preached rather lengthily I asked the privilege of speaking, and my request was granted. The power of God fell on the message, which was mostly on the second work of grace. Thirteen who professed to have salvation came forward to seek the experience of holiness, and five came for the pardon of their sins.

After the meeting closed my husband was greatly depressed. On our way home he said that I had strained the scripture I used to get holiness out of it. A young Salvation Army soldier who was with us agreed with him. This made it harder for me to bear, as this brother claimed to be sanctified and I had had faith in his testimony. His taking sides against me taught me not to look to man for approval.

I soon learned that at a time like this silence was my greatest weapon, and that it was not necessary for me to try to defend myself or the words the Lord had put in my mouth, no matter who opposed me.

When we arrived at the church the next evening there were a number of persons waiting to give me advice, one of them a holiness professor who had been visiting in the neighborhood during the day. He had found the people stirred over my message on sanctification. Like all other hypocritical professors, he said he believed in holiness and had the experience, but he was in doubt as to whether it was wisdom to preach it in that neighborhood at this time. I perceived that the devil had come as an angel of light through this man in order to defeat the preaching of the full Gospel. However, it only made me more determined to declare the whole counsel of God regardless of the consequences.

My husband was unable to get any more inspiration after objecting to my message, and left the preaching for me to do. The revival swept on with great power. Jonathan Hodgson, a farmer, was converted on a Saturday

evening, and shouted until he became so hoarse he could not speak above a whisper till the following Tuesday. After his conversion every member of his family was brought to Christ. Mr. Hodgson claimed that his father had been converted under Peter Cartwright's preaching. People who have good religious ancestry back of them usually make good pray-ers and shouters. Conviction on the people was so great it was difficult to get them to leave the church after the service closed.

News of the revival spread over the northern part of the state and as a result many who were too far away to attend were converted in their homes. Restitution was made by those who sought the Lord, and family altars were erected. This was no sham revival; the people showed their faith by their works. Later this vicinity became the first state holiness center. The following testimony was given by a farmer who was sanctified in the Pleasant View meeting:

"When twenty years of age I joined the Methodist church at Marshall, Wisconsin, without having received any change of heart,

and the preacher told me I was all right. Soon after this I moved to Kansas. As it was my desire to unite with God's people there, I received a very flattering letter from my former pastor recommending me to the fellowship of the church. Later I moved to Colorado, and finding no church near enough with which to unite, I carried my letter in my pocket and trunk until it was worn out.

"I married after coming west. A revival meeting was held a number of years ago at this place, in which my wife was converted. Her testimony so convicted me I was awakened to the fact that I had never been converted, although I had been a respectable church member for fifteen years. It is my belief now that a person can be a member in good standing of any denomination, meet the obligations placed upon him, and go straight to hell.

"I had willingly carried the financial burdens of the church, and often prayed and testified in the class meeting, the substance of my remarks being that I did not have as much of the love of God in my heart as I wanted, but I hoped to meet them all in heaven.

"I sought anxiously and a few days after

my wife was converted, I, too, received the witness of the Spirit in the pardon of my sins. After this I lived in an up-and-down experience for several years, often feeling under condemnation and then repenting and praying until peace was restored to my soul. I was conscious that something of vital importance was lacking; but as I had heard no preaching on the subject of holiness I did not understand that it was the second work of grace I needed.

"The meetings held by Brother and Sister White at Pleasant View found me in an unsettled spiritual condition, praying for a better experience. Night after night I went to the altar seeking to be sanctified. As the Holy Spirit revealed depravity in my heart I sickened at the sight of it. On the eighth evening as a seeker I had the most desperate struggle of my life. When the altar call was made, the people sang, 'Standing on the promises of God.' The enemy said, 'You are going to make a fool of yourself by going up there again.' But I was willing and ready to go. At that moment my burden rolled away and wave after wave of glory deluged my soul. It was not long until my friends many miles away heard

of the wonderful change that had come over me, some of whom had thought that I had all the salvation there was for anyone."

Reuben Calkins.

This brother's face was radiant with light as he burst forth from day to day in holy laughter. At times it seemed that the earthen vessel would break if the hand of God was not stayed.

For weeks I had been sustained by supernatural strength, with my household duties to perform during the day, driving five miles to the church and back at night, and with the care of a sick child. The latter part of the night my rest was usually broken with the care of the baby, but invariably I would awake at five o'clock with a burden for souls. I would then pray until I had received the evidence of victory for the next service.

I suffered from the exposure of being out at night, and when the revival closed I had a severe cold on my lungs. I was greatly in need of rest and yielded to the doctor's advice to go to bed and stay there for ten days. During this time the Lord was wonderfully precious

to my soul. The baby was in the care of Mollie Jillson, a capable young woman who had been converted in our meeting.

During the time I was in bed I had a vision of hell. It was a pit without a bottom, with a narrow passageway through which demons were pressing their way in and out. I could see miles into its awful depths. Demons entering had victims in their embrace who were screaming with terror. I saw a black imp with my mother; another fierce devil was carrying Emery, my eldest brother, who was then in Montana, unsaved. Weeks previous to this I had been concerned about my mother's spiritual condition and had written letters trying to arouse her from her indifference. These letters were used of the Lord and before many months she came to Colorado where she attended our first holiness camp meeting and professed to get reclaimed. Three months later Emery, for whom I had been so greatly burdened, sought and found the Lord in Montana as the result of a meeting my younger brother and I held at Dillon.

On a Saturday morning while reading the story of Achan, the stolen wedge, and the Baby-

lonish garment, I was concerned about the Sunday services at the Erie church in town. I saw Achan, who caused the defeat of Israel, as a type of the "old man of sin." The Lord burned a message into my soul and prepared the way for me to deliver it at the church. I thought of no particular person in the congregation as being the Achan in the camp, but felt that I should preach on the subject and show people that they must get rid of inbred sin or lose their souls, and that as a church we should seek to have carnality in human hearts destroyed. I said nothing to my husband about the matter until after he called me to his study to tell me that he had no message for the Sunday morning congregation. Then I told him why. On the way to the church I trembled under the power of the Spirit and had to hold to his arm for support. I knew that something out of the ordinary would come to pass before the service closed—that gospel dynamite was on hand and would explode.

My husband asked me to tell him the subject I had in mind, but I withheld it from him, knowing that he would likely take exceptions to it and hinder me in delivering the message.

When I stepped out to speak, my knees fairly smote together, so great was the power of the Holy Spirit upon me. For about forty minutes shot and shell fell thick and fast in the ranks of carnal professors. Some persons wept, but on the faces of others there were clouds of wrath. Especially did the local preacher make himself odious by his disapproval of the message. He arose to his feet and began to justify himself, and to antagonize me and my husband, who had followed me with a short exhortation. The message was for him and too well he knew it. After he had finished his speech he sat down, thinking, no doubt, that one or the other of us would make a reply, but instead of doing so we called the people to the altar for prayer.

Among those who came forward was a miner who had been under conviction for some time. The Lord chose this man to administer a rebuke to the local preacher. When he came to the altar he stopped where the local preacher sat facing the congregation. Putting his hand on his shoulder and gently pushing him back, he said with tears, "Man, do you know what you are doing? You are fighting against

God. He is with this preacher and his wife. I am a sinner." He gave Mr. Van Valkenburg an epitome of the latter's life in the town, saying: "Instead of helping people to Christ you have blackened their lives," and made mention of a young man then lying in the graveyard on the hill. "You have been given to story-telling too low for houses of shame," etc. One can imagine the effect this rebuke had upon the congregation and the friends of the local preacher.

It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. His rebukes make man's beauty to consume away. The audience sat motionless and speechless while hypocrisy was being uncovered.

Special services were begun in the church at this time, and there was an unusual awakening among the townspeople. The spiritual warfare was growing fiercer every day and persecutions were coming thick and fast. I felt that if my husband would only stand by me I could face a regiment of demons, but he failed to do so. The burden would almost crush me when I prayed for him and my broth-

er, who were both preaching without the power of the Holy Spirit. I had to stand alone and make the fight without their help and sympathy. I knew this was the price; that I would have to pay it and be true to God or lose my soul.

The revival meetings continued with marvelous results, notwithstanding the many obstacles in the way. If my husband had met conditions and actually obtained the experience of holiness, there would have been a new epoch in his life and nothing could have stood before us in the work of the Lord. But he held back and made it hard for me. I wept when I thought of what might be accomplished if he were sanctified. He often asked me why I was grieved over him. I shrank at times from telling him, knowing he would be ready for an argument, and I had learned by experience that no good resulted from controversy with him on this subject. On a Sunday morning when I could not restrain my tears, he stood in the door with his Bible under his arm, just ready to start to the church. When he asked me why I was weeping, I told him it was because of his spiritual desolation. To my surprise he made no reply and went on, which was

unusual for him. I saw at once that God had touched his heart.

On entering the pulpit that morning he confessed publicly, for the first time, that he was not where he should be in his soul. The Lord used this confession to put people under conviction.

I had been burdened for my brother Charles, as well as for my husband. On one occasion when he came to visit us the Spirit came mightily upon me in prayer at the family altar, near where he was kneeling. Hastening from the room he called to me from the head of the stairway to tell me that I was beside myself. The Holy Spirit had directed an arrow from my shaft that he was unable to remove from his heart.

After my brother returned to his charge he wrote me that peace had come into his soul. Experience had taught me that those who are really justified will not fight sanctification. I have known persons who I believed had salvation at the beginning of revivals, but who refused to walk in the light and get sanctified, and became entirely backslidden.

Three months later my brother claimed to

get sanctified at our first holiness camp meeting. More than one hundred and fifty souls professed to get converted during the last few months of the conference year. Streams of living water flowed out to the people. The sad part of it all was that most of these converts had to be left to the mercy of false shepherds and the district presiding elder, who were utterly devoid of spiritual life. According to subsequent reports the presiding elder was not honest in his business dealings, much less able to help people spiritually.

People drove for miles to attend my services in schoolhouses and other places. They came to the altars, as many as twenty at a time, and prayed until the resurrection power was felt in their souls. "Oh, for a place where young people could be trained to withstand temptation and learn how to be overcomers!" was the cry of my heart.

## CHAPTER XIV

THE BOULDER CONFERENCE—IN EVANGELISTIC WORK—BIBLE SUBJECTS AND COMMENTS

COMMITTEE was sent to the annual conference at Boulder to make sure of my husband's removal from the pastorate at Erie. I had awakened to the fact that the Methodists were a fallen people, but did not fully comprehend the situation until the work of the opposers of righteousness who dominated the conference was brought to a head. The Bishop, our presiding elder, and some of the preachers showed a jealous spirit and disapproved of the revival that had been so far-reaching, uttering most unjust criticisms. As might have been expected, another pastor was selected for the place, who happened to be the Rev. Gus Cage. Bishop Stephen M. Merrill.

known for his antagonism to holiness, presided at this conference, and at the request of the district presiding elder, our local preacher, and the committee from Erie, he removed my husband.

Regardless of the opposition to holiness in this conference, I determined to avail myself of an opportunity to testify to the experience, and did so in the love feast Sunday morning. Bishop Merrill was present and it was not difcult to see how he received my testimony. He leaned over and asked our presiding elder, who sat near him, a question. I knew it was about me and that the die was cast and he would use his influence against me. But I rejoiced in the Lord, for I had delivered my soul in the presence of more than a hundred and fifty Methodist preachers, many of whom I had known for years.

The Lord was evidently pleased with the stand that I took before this conference and rewarded me a thousandfold. As my experience widened and deepened, the subject of holiness became more and more precious. Hundreds of people, hungry for salvation, were present that morning when my testimony was

given, many of whom spoke to me during the day and lamented their spiritual poverty and the fact that their pastors did not preach holiness. A woman, a member of a Methodist church in Colorado, said she had heard the doctrine preached years before in an eastern state and knew that she needed the experience; but did not know how to obtain it. She made a pitiful plea for help. A preacher became especially interested and sought every opportunity to talk with me on the subject. He had been sanctified years before, but had lost the experience. Strange to say, this was the man whom God was preparing to follow us on the Erie charge.

Later, when the appointments were read, Kent White's name was down for Broomfield circuit, twelve miles from Erie, a charge consisting of two country schoolhouses where services were held. Previously it had been supplied by students from the University of Denver. This was perhaps my greatest test since the Lord had sanctified my soul. I did not know that it was possible for preachers of the Gospel to have so much ill will and prejudice. I saw in the church officials the spirit of the

Inquisition, or the next thing to it, and awoke to the fact that God was no longer in the machinery of Methodism. We had had the only revival in the conference during the year, and by sending my husband to Broomfield circuit after he had reported two hundred conversions they showed their inconsistency and hypocrisy.

God had warned me that all this was coming, but even then the blow was almost greater than I could bear. My husband had said from the very beginning of my work that if I preached holiness there would be trouble. I knew that if the Lord wanted him to stay in the Methodist ministry, He could manage backslidden bishops and presiding elders and vindicate His own work if He chose to do so. If we should leave the church, there was nothing else to join and the future looked dark. I knew there was a class of come-outers in the country who were barren of any genuine spiritual fruit, and I did not wish to be associated with them under any consideration.

One can easily imagine my perplexity on being placed where there was seemingly no possibility of souls being saved. Knowing as I did

how God had stood by me during the work of the year, I was not afraid of coming to want. I had already proved His promise to supply our needs according to His riches in glory, wherever our lot should be cast.

Our enemies were exultant over their victory in having us removed from the charge at Erie; but I had died to the opinions of men and was not so much concerned about what they thought or said as the fact that my work seemed to be cut off. There were lessons that God wished to teach me, which could be learned only in the school of experience. This ordeal with conference officials was the means of severing the last cord that bound me to the dead mother (Methodism), and an all-wise Providence had this in mind when He permitted my enemies seemingly to triumph over me.

I saw that the Church that had been raised up under John Wesley to spread scriptural holiness had become like a corpse and that my relationship with it would jeopardize my soul's eternal interests. But I could take only a step at a time as the Lord led me on. My eyes were opened to many things after He sanctified me, and this experience was necessary to

show how useless it is to try to preach a full Gospel and stay in the old Church. I was truly dying to Methodism and there was no power to relieve me from suffering until all had been accomplished that God was trying to work out.

The end of this experience was reached about noon the third day after I had heard of my husband's appointment, when my soul was flooded with unspeakable joy. I was suddenly lifted to a mountain peak of victory in Beulah, higher than I had ever been before. The bands that had held me to the dead Church no longer existed. My spirit was free, even though outwardly I was still a member. But this matter I knew would soon be adjusted. It was liberty beyond words to express.

> "My soul mounted higher in a chariot of fire,
> Nor did envy Elijah his seat."

It was only a question of time when the Lord would reveal the future. I was confident that there would be a great change in my life from this hour. I was at the parting of the ways, waiting for the revelation of God's will.

The old Church reminded me of a mother I once knew with an unbalanced mind, who

undressed her two-weeks-old babe and left it in a box in a cold room to perish. When the infant was discovered it was placed to the mother's breast for nourishment, but she repeatedly pushed it away. This unnaturalness and strange lack of affection for the child is a good illustration of the apostate churches in whose arms spiritual babes are unsafe. A babe in Christ cannot survive in the atmosphere of the modern churches. It was some time before I knew what advice to give my converts, but experience soon taught me there was no alternative but to keep the holy fires burning in mission halls, cottage prayer meetings and street meetings, where their souls could be warmed and fed on the Bread of Life.

In the early part of my ministry my attention was called to a beautiful grove near Pleasant View in the neighborhood of the church where I held my first revival. For days I could not get rid of the thought of having a holiness camp meeting in this grove. I did not mention it to anyone, not even to my husband, for I knew he would not favor it. He would object to calling it a holiness meeting, fearing the reproach it would bring upon his work. Know-

ing this would be a device of the enemy to defeat God's purpose, I prayed for the Lord to put it on the heart of Reuben Calkins, who had been sanctified under my preaching, to cooperate with me, and my prayer was answered.

I wrote to the Rev. W. B. Godbey to come to Colorado and hold some meetings. In his reply he said that his chief business was to conduct holiness camp meetings. This just suited me. He consented to come and hold what proved to be the first holiness camp meeting in the state. In the first service the gates of heaven were opened and the saints shouted for joy. There was a stream from the heavenly ocean inundating the place from the first day to the close, and there were many answers to prayer. My mother, for whom I had been praying, came to Colorado at this time. The day after her arrival she was at the altar as a seeker. She remained with us for two years and kept the children while I was absent, responsive to the call of the Lord, in evangelistic work.

Being unable to get a house on the circuit where my husband had been appointed, we found it convenient to remain at Erie, from which place the appointment could be easily

reached. He often had someone to preach for him and went with me in revival work.

We remained at this place nearly two years, to the humiliation of those who had sought to get rid of us. Our presence among them, and their inability to dictate as to whether we should stay in the town or go, was great punishment to them. When they heard they were to have another pastor they were delighted, but imagine their dismay when he sought and obtained the experience of sanctification at our camp meeting. His parishioners began the conference year with a greater problem to solve than they had before. They had to hear holiness preached from a new angle. A number of interesting scenes followed at the church when my presence added to their discomfort. On a Sunday morning when I happened to be present the pastor was about half way through his discourse when two men arose and publicly denounced some of his statements. I took the opportunity to quiet the troubled waters by calling the whole company to prayer, and the preacher was able to finish his sermon.

In July, my brother Charles and I went on an evangelistic trip to Montana. We had a

number of relatives at Dillon, all of whom were unsaved. It was here that I had lived true to God in a justified experience, and the Lord led me back to preach a full Gospel to those whom I had once known and fellowshiped. On our arrival at Dillon, the official board and members of the Methodist church gave us a unanimous invitation to hold revival services for them. Their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Tate, had gone to the mountains for an outing, and they could see no reason why he should object. But he returned and took a decided stand against our holding meetings in his church.

The Baptist minister at Dillon was in favor of union services if the cooperation of the M. E. pastor could be had, but he refused, and all the church doors were closed against us. Since we were Methodists, the ministers of other denominations supposed the Methodist preacher would stand by us, but they were sadly disappointed. I decided then to send to Denver for our gospel tent, and put it up in the center of the town. The people were delighted when it came, and it attracted a great deal of attention.

The tent seated four hundred, and many

persons sought the Lord at the altar, most of them being Methodists. The pastor's mother-in-law was among the number. My brother Emery and a sister living at Dillon were reclaimed. This was the brother whom I had seen in a vision a few months before, being taken into hell in the arms of a demon. I had prayed for him then until the Lord gave me the assurance that he would be saved. Most of the seekers succeeded in getting converted or reclaimed, and a few, I believe, obtained holiness of heart.

After the close of the revival services in the tent the converts started meetings in private homes. Their numbers increased until it was difficult to find a room large enough to accommodate all who wished to attend. Thus they kept the revival fires burning for more than two years, or until another preacher was sent to the Methodist church for the express purpose of stopping their meetings. This man had made the statement that if he should be sent to the charge he would put an end to "that fanatical movement." True to his word, he succeeded in closing the cottage meetings. His promise to the people was that he would make all the meetings in the church holiness meet-

ings, so that it would not be necessary to hold others. Satan as an angel of light has deceived and ensnared multitudes in this way. Too late they have found that false prophets work thus to crush out holiness.

Peter says, "Spots they are and blemishes, sporting themselves with their own deceivings while they feast with you; having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin; beguiling unstable souls: an heart they have exercised with covetous practises; cursed children: which have forsaken the right way, and are gone astray, following the way of Balaam. . . . While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption" (2 Peter 2:13-19). "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his" (2 Tim. 2:19). "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world" (1 John 4:1).

In this time of great apostasy it behooves us to heed the above warning. False prophets have been busy all down the centuries, and there are more of them today than at any other

time since the world began. They are to be feared more when they come as angels of light than when they come in any other way. You will find them in great religious conventions, conferences, assemblies, and synods; in the social circles of the rich, in the theological seminaries, on the lecture platform, and in banqueting halls. Perhaps you would not have thought of looking in these places for the class of people that John tells us about. You are blind to all this unless the Holy Spirit sanctifies you and gives you clear spiritual vision.

"Hear now this, O foolish people, and without understanding; which have eyes, and see not; which have ears, and hear not. . . . . For among my people are found wicked men: they lay wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men. . . They are waxen fat, they shine: yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked: they judge not the cause, the cause of the fatherless, yet they prosper. . . . Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this? . . . . The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the

end thereof?" (Jeremiah 5:21-31). Paul says they are "traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away" (2 Tim. 3:4, 5).

A Methodist preacher living near us during my early ministry attended a prize fight; another took some of his flock to the famous Gentry dog show, within a block of my holiness tent meeting; still another with his family was seen going to Ringling Brothers' circus, which paraded the streets with a piece of canvas thrown over an elephant's back advertising the beer of a famous brewer. Degenerate Catholic priests of Mexico attend the cock and bullfights; and where is the difference? The fact is, there is no kind of sin that is not endorsed directly or indirectly by preachers of the modern churches, and it is high time that the people whom they are deceiving were getting their eyes open.

A picture comes before me of false prophets skulking away behind the charred walls of perdition to avoid meeting lost souls whom they helped to deceive and damn. Ever and anon they are greeted with fiery denunciations from

those who have been the victims of their hypocrisy. The door of mercy is forever closed, while the gulf widens and hell's eternal night continues to blacken, its inmates sinking deeper and deeper into its awful depths.

Multitudes who are deceived by false prophets will perhaps never realize it until they have lost the last opportunity to make their escape. Sin causes stupidity and blindness, and those who are unwilling to forsake all and follow Jesus readily become the victims of false prophets. Jesus says, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke 14:33); and John wrote: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

The rich man described in the 12th chapter of Luke loved the world. We read that his land brought forth abundantly. "And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast

much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." The average professor of religion would see nothing wrong in this; in fact, this man would be commended for enlarging his storehouses.

Preachers in the modern pulpits would gladly pass the rich man as being all right if he would join the church, be baptized and give a small percentage of his income. You can readily see that perilous times are upon us and many are following the pernicious ways of these false prophets, who through covetousness and with feigned words make merchandise of those whose judgment lingereth not and whose damnation slumbereth not.

God knew the rich man's thoughts and put them down for succeeding generations to read and profit by, and said to him, *"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee*: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? *So is he that layeth up treasure for himself,* and is not rich toward God." You see here the utter impossibility of laying up earthly treasures and being rich toward God. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Here is an emphatic statement:

it is one of God's unchangeable laws that where the treasure is the heart will be also.

In Romans 13:14 we read: "Make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof," and again: "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier" (2 Tim. 2:4). When a person is endued with the power of the Holy Ghost he must be free from worldly entanglements. Like Elijah, it may fall to his lot to flee for his life, and if he tarries to engage in secular business, the devil has every advantage over him, therefore the command is to lay aside every weight and the besetting sin (inbred sin) so that the race may be run with patience, with nothing in the way to hinder faith. It means much to contend for the faith delivered once for all to the saints.

God says, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine," and "the cattle upon a thousand hills." "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is mine, and the fullness thereof" (Ps. 50:12). "The just shall live by faith."

"Therefore I say unto you, Take no

thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?" He has made the fowls an example of the faith life; they have neither storehouses nor barns, and are worthless in comparison to a human soul, yet He cares for them; He clothes the lilies and the grass of the field, that exist today and tomorrow are cast into the oven, and says, "How much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith." What a rebuke this is to those who are selfish; who spend all their time and strength in seeking temporal supplies when they should be working in the vineyard of the Lord!

The general belief is that the world is growing better, and yet it is in most awful spiritual darkness. People are mistaking intellectuality for spiritual life. They forget that the scripture says the world by wisdom knew not God. The doctrine of no hell and other heresies have ruined the churches, and the cup of God's indignation is about full. Christ came

to this world and died for a ruined race. He left no one in uncertainty as to the path to heaven. The wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein. This generation has had "precept upon precept; line upon line; here a little, and there a little," yet they continue to listen to false teachers and to ignore the plain teachings of God's word.

Soon we shall be under the white lights of the Judgment Bar, and the Judge of all the earth will open the books. "There is nothing . . . . hid, that shall not be known." A true prophet will cry aloud and spare not; he will lift up his voice and show men their transgressions. The preacher who spares carnality is destined to suffer divine retribution. When he fails to declare the whole counsel of God he is an unfaithful watchman (Ezekiel 33), hence the greater is his responsibility.

Paul says that in the last days, "They will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears." John Wesley says, "They corrupt their hearers, vitiate their appetites so that they cannot endure sound doctrine or receive the nourishment. They feed them with

sweetmeats until the bread and meat of the kingdom become unpalatable; and it is extremely difficult to recover them from their enfeebled state and get strength and vigor into their souls." Preachers who are of this class "spread death rather than life among the people." The publicans and harlots stand a better chance of going into the kingdom of God than they do.

When my brother and I were on our way to Montana we stopped at Pocatello, Idaho. Sunday morning we went to the Methodist church, and after making ourselves known to the pastor, he asked us to hold a meeting for him before we returned to Colorado.

On our return to Denver we stopped at Pocatello for this purpose. The church was as lifeless as a graveyard, and it took two weeks of hard praying and preaching before there were any signs of spiritual life. The pastor would make long prayers and pray to be filled with the Holy Ghost, but he was unwilling to meet conditions. If he had confessed his backslidings, the barriers would have been removed, but he persisted in making a profession of sanctification when everyone knew he did not have the experience. As the ostrich, fleeing

from his pursuer, sticks his head into the sand, so did this preacher cover up his sins and imagine his spiritual condition was not discerned. Paul says, "He that is spiritual judgeth all things."

The last Sunday evening in this place my brother preached and I followed with an exhortation. The truth plainly spoken did not please the pastor. On reaching the parsonage after the service, he turned on me like a mad beast. The tiger in his heart had arisen, and white with rage, he poured his wrath upon me. I had made some remark about prohibition which did not please him.

Whenever I attempted to hold a meeting in any of the churches, with but few exceptions, the results were similar to the above, and God permitted it, to enlighten me and to show me the path He had marked out for me to take.

Isaiah 56:10, 11 says: "His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from

his quarter." The Jews had become a reproach on account of their sins; and other nations were preying upon them. These nations can be compared to wild beasts, typical of the beast of depravity in human hearts preying upon the heritage of God.

One can imagine the condition of the people when the prophets were compared to dogs that are blind, ignorant, and dumb, sleeping, lying down, and loving to slumber. In this condition they could neither see nor hear the approach of the enemy, but took their ease in the time of greatest danger. Why are people so foolish as to keep watchmen—preachers—of this kind on guard? The truth is, only those who are ignorant and blind will do so.

Spiritual blindness and ignorance lead to all kinds of blunders, and departures from the path of righteousness. For this reason people submit themselves to the dictation of carnal pastors. They are often heard to say, "Our pastor is not a spiritual man, but he is good." A woman with a hungry soul said to me, "Our pastor delivers nice sermons, but why is it we grow so cold under his preaching?" When Aeschines, the ancient Greek orator, spoke, the

people would say, "That is beautiful"; when Demosthenes, his opponent, delivered an oration, they would say, "Let us go fight Philip."

Preachers may be brilliant and attractive in their manners and speech and not have an iota of salvation. Their pleasing personalities and oratorical discourses may captivate and hold the people, but will never uncover their sins and bring them to repentance and to the knowledge of God.

People everywhere are making the mistake of supporting clergymen who are void of spiritual life and power. This is an endorsement of their hypocrisy. If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. The old argument that we must pay the preacher, regardless of his hypocrisy, keep still about his life, and try to help him into a better experience, is folly. The preacher's soul is of no more value in the sight of God than that of a member of his congregation, but he is capable of doing much more harm because of the position he holds. There is no excuse for such ignorance on the part of anyone who is in possession of his mental faculties. If he wants light he can get it on his knees. God's plan is to

expose hypocrisy, not to cover it up. It is the Christian's duty to uncover sin. It is useless to cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace.

Some of the preachers are as sly as an old fox. They are so deceitful as to lure their victims on until they have them completely in their power. The accompanying picture of the fox and the duck, "Whose 'ittle ducky are 'ou?" is an apt illustration of their words and actions among the influential women of the church. Flattery seems to be the chief stock in their ministerial trade. The result is that an unholy affinity between them and the women of their parishes often develops, followed by scandal and reproach being brought upon the work.

## CHAPTER XV

### Remarkable Experiences

Y brother and I reached home after an absence of eleven weeks. We found Ray playing near the gate. He had so improved in health that I did not recognize him at first. Arthur, seeing my confusion, said, "Mamma, don't you know him? It is Ray; sure it is." His baby brother was no longer the delicate little one that I had watched and wept over. It had taken much grace to stay away from him during the weeks of my absence. I could not have remained away if my mother, who had the care of him, had not reported favorably in regard to his condition.

Never had there been greater results from my labors in the same length of time. I realized more and more the truth of 1 Corinthians

1:27-29: "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, . . . . that no flesh should glory in his presence." I had made the consecration for life or death, and had ceased to lean on an arm of flesh or to try to mark out a path for my own feet. "Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God. And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight." If Enoch in the antediluvian age could know that he pleased God, how much more reasonable that we should know it in this dispensation, since an uttermost salvation has been provided!

Two weeks after my return I went to help the Rev. A. L. Chase, a Methodist, in a revival. There were two churches where he wanted me to preach—one at Big Dry; the other at Fort Lupton where he lived. At Big Dry we had a gracious revival. The whole neighborhood was awakened and many souls prayed through at the altar with shouts of victory. At one service the whole congregation, including both saints and sinners, were on their knees praying. A moment of silent prayer followed

the sermon after which the power of God struck the people like lightning bolts from the skies. A young man who had come to the altar for pardon was so under conviction he ran from the church and did not stop until he reached his brother's home two miles away. When asked why he left in this manner, he said he felt so much worse after going forward he thought it was best to get out of there as quickly as possible.

Many persons on the very threshold of the kingdom turn back because of their ignorance of the Gospel. The Holy Spirit brings people to see their frightful condition, and when they make an effort to get rid of their sins they imagine they are growing worse instead of better and stop seeking altogether.

A well-to-do man and his wife living near were induced to attend the services. The man came with a tight grip on his pocketbook, determined to see what was going on, but not to give a penny. The subject was "Zacchaeus." When they heard how this publican in making restitution was willing to restore fourfold and to give the half of his goods to feed the poor, the husband soliloquized, referring to me, "You

haven't got anything out of my pocket yet." His neighbors predicted that he would not come again, but early the next evening he called at the home where I was staying and handed me a ten-dollar gold piece. He was then on his way to the church, and at the first invitation, to the surprise of everybody, he and his wife came forward to seek the Lord. It proved to be the eleventh hour with her—she was soon called to meet her God.

A Presbyterian, who showed no signs of spiritual life or disposition to seek, excused himself for not having a testimony by saying that he confessed Jesus in his daily walk. Romans 10:10 was quoted to him: "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." This and other similar passages served the purpose of convincing him that he was a sinner, and he went forward as a seeker, and was converted. After this he was ready to tell what the Lord had done for him. His timidity had been a great humiliation to him, but now he rejoiced in the liberty wherewith Christ had made him free.

The next meeting was held at Ft. Lupton.

Here the people were relying upon their good works, and when the sledge hammer of God's word began to break in pieces the rock, they rebelled. On a certain evening there were twenty-two seekers at the altar, the most of whom were church members who had never been converted. Some of the official members complained about my preaching to Christians, when they had called me there to preach to sinners. I knew I was preaching to the unsaved, whatever profession they were making. The pastor claimed to be sanctified. I felt he did this to dodge the issue. One evening while I was attempting to speak from a familiar text the Holy Spirit withheld the message from me. Later the pastor confessed that he had failed to do his duty in the presence of his holiness-fighting church officials; hence the Lord closed my mouth and also the meetings.

A few hours after I reached home, the baby was taken suddenly ill. I had been encouraged by his being kept well while I was away, and could not understand why he should be taken sick when I came home. I learned later that it had been permitted in order to break up any tendency I might have had to stay at home

when I should be out preaching the Gospel. With the Psalmist I could say, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." "His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth" (Ps. 25:13). "I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those who fear thy name" (Ps. 61:-4,5).

My next meeting was at Bald Mountain, on my brother's charge. My husband went a week ahead of me to call at the homes and talk and pray with the people. He preached at the regular services and claimed to have had several conversions before my arrival. On Sunday morning I attended the class meeting. The members of the church told of their failures, ups and downs, etc. Some expressed a desire for complete deliverance from inbred sin. I had great unction in preaching at the eleven o'clock service, after which the altar and the front seats were filled with seekers. The power of God continued to fall, and men, with their faces wet with tears, called upon the Lord, some at the tops of their voices. The Sunday

school superintendent, at one end of the altar, was in great distress, while at the other end the class leader cried for deliverance. The latter was the first to pray through, then another brother leaped to his feet shouting the praises of God. Some were making confessions and asking forgiveness of those whom they had wronged. There was a general melting-up and a time of making things right one with another.

In the afternoon the Sunday school was turned over to me, and closed with fifty pupils and their teachers at the altar, seeking the Lord. In the evening the church was filled to its utmost capacity. The Spirit of God was upon me when I started to the platform to speak. I did not know what I was going to say, but the message came in power. The class leader who had "prayed through" in the morning had the spirit of prayer while I delivered the message. For about forty-five minutes I preached under such power that I seemed to be almost out of the body. It is needless to say that the people trembled and cried to God for mercy. This was one of the old battle grounds in Colorado where the devil for some years had made great efforts to hold his possessions.

Many persons were powerfully converted in this revival, among them the well known Letcher brothers, in the prime of life, who had been employed in a mine. Both of these young men were worldly and drifting away from the influence of an early Christian home. Their father had died in the triumph of the Christian religion, and their mother still alive across the sea was praying for their salvation.

In the dismal recesses of a gold mine, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth and thousands of miles from their boyhood home, these brothers worked, unmindful of that sainted father and praying mother. An awful but merciful God startled them from their sinful sleep when a large rock from its place in the wall fell upon James, crushing the lower part of his body and breaking his back. The uninjured man stood for a moment transfixed with horror, powerless to remove the three-ton rock that had pinned his brother to the earth. He cried, "Call on God!" and fled for help. Help came, the rock was broken in pieces by sledges, and James was liberated alive, to the amazement of all who were present. For some time he was kept under the influence of a pow-

erful opiate, which produced its ghastly effects. There he lay unconscious, his breathing labored and heavy, unprepared to meet his God. Providence spoke to people in no uncertain tones as they looked upon the scene. Those who were under conviction feared and trembled. Even the unsaved men of the street prayed for the salvation of the injured man. After the influence of the narcotic had worn off, my husband and I went to see him, but he gave us no encouragement. He sorely tried us by his indifference. "Too late; no use to pray," he would say. He finally consented to my offering a short prayer. We felt the forces of darkness trying to drive us from the room, but the Spirit held me. I besought him repeatedly to follow me in a few sentences of prayer, but he hesitated. I asked him to say, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." After repeated entreaties he finally did so, and instantly mighty ejaculations burst forth from his lips so earnestly as to startle everybody within hearing. What a revelation God immediately gave him of his heart! What an uplift from indifference to earnestness! Only for a brief period did the Savior withhold himself; then as He showed

His face in the power of salvation, the poor penitent cried, "Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus! I am saved! I am saved! I am saved!"

Powerless to move his body, James turned his eyes to his brother and cried, "Lord, save my brother," and for him and his unconverted hostess he prayed most fervently. "Mother's prayers are answered," he cried. "My father's face, with tears in his eyes, has been before me in this room, as he said, 'Son, look to Jesus!'"

For fifteen days he preached, prayed, and sang, lying on his back, not expecting to live from one day to the next. At the end of this time, the life that had apparently left his body from the waist down returned and gave promise of his recovery.

A mother's and a father's prayers were answered in his being spared from sudden death, and in our being held at his bedside until the benighted, reluctant soul yielded to Christ and received the witness of the Spirit to salvation. Let angels rejoice, and let us never despair of a soul!

Three and a half years later the pastor of the Bald Mountain M. E. Church informed us

that James Letcher, the subject of this sketch, had died in triumph. After his conversion he grew in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, manifesting a spirit of submission in his suffering to the end of his life.

The people on my husband's charge at Broomfield were anxious to have me help in a revival there. Three times I attempted to do so, but bad weather or sickness prevented. The Lord having so wonderfully blest my labors at other places, they supposed that with my help there would be no difficulty in having a revival here, which they hoped would result in a new church building. But it was not the will of the Lord for me to help build up the Methodist Church or to take root in it again. He had pulled me out to plant me in another field, and had used ungodly preachers to bring this about. Thus He had made the wrath of man to praise Him (Ps. 76:10).

One morning about ten o'clock, while going about my household work, the Holy Spirit spoke to me about my calling to the ministry of His word. I opened the Bible for confirmation. My finger was on the ninth verse of the first chapter of Jeremiah. Before reading it or

knowing what it was, I said, "Lord, put forth thy hand." I read, "*Then the Lord put forth his hand,* and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth. See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build and to plant." I felt strength coming into my soul that lifted me almost out of the body, and saw that to doubt God or to fear the face of clay would be perilous.

I meditated on the tenth verse and thought of my own weakness and human frailties, and could not fully comprehend this wonderful message or how it could apply to me. It later proved God had in mind the Pillar of Fire, destined to be a world movement that would be launched out under my ministry and supervision. Since, when I have stood before the public with the power of God upon me, I have felt that the rocks would cry out if I should hold my peace. As the heavenly hosts were about Elisha, so have they been round about me when the words of the Lord have been in my mouth, and many who have failed to re-

ceive the messages have been smitten with blindness or otherwise have suffered divine retribution. I have not been responsible for these words that have gone forth to warn individuals and the old denominations of their apostasy. I have simply been the mouthpiece that the Lord has seen fit to use, and the results have been left with Him.

In Isaiah (55:11) we read, "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

My husband and I both attended the annual conference that followed at Denver. After his experience with church officials at Erie he decided not to take a regular pastorate, but to go out in evangelistic work. The Lord had spoken to me as plainly as He did to Abraham when He called him out of Ur of the Chaldees to go into a country that he knew not. He promised to bless them that blessed him and curse them that cursed him. A door had to be opened for me outside the gate somewhere, and it was necessary for my husband to be free to go with me or to stay, as the will of

God should be revealed. Our ministerial brethren advised him not to take up work where there would be no stipulated salary, but the die had been cast and the Lord would not have it changed. We remained at Erie another year after he asked to be located by the conference.

The greatest results in my early ministry were from meetings held in schoolhouses in the rural districts where people's hearts were not so hardened as they were in the cities.

The battle against holiness was still being waged at Erie. The church officials had sent away the preacher who followed my husband, and now had as pastor the Rev. Edgar White, who took charge of the work in June. On the ninth of July, while visiting in the home of Jonathan Hodgson, one of my converts, this preacher dropped dead. He had been on the charge less than a month and may have been walking in all the light he had, but the Lord did not see fit to permit him to serve in the Erie church, where there had been so much opposition to holiness.

There was a much better spirit shown at Pleasant View, which was also on the Erie charge, and where I had preached for four

weeks at the beginning of my ministry. The members at this place asked the presiding elder to send them a holiness preacher to fill the vacancy. As there was no other person available their request was granted and the Rev. I. F. McKay received the appointment. On his arrival he said, "These holiness fighters on the Erie charge will keep me about one month," and his prophecy came true. At the end of the month they dismissed him.

The next preacher who came to the charge was the Rev. Joel F. Smith, an intellectual man who had served in other places as district superintendent. On his arrival he paid us a visit. It was not difficult to ascertain that he had once enjoyed the experience of sanctification; but whether or not he would stand when he had to face the opposition to holiness on this charge, was the question. There was no alternative—he must suffer and be sacrificed the same as others, or sell out the cause for which Christ died, and let the powers of darkness dominate him. Oh, if he had only lifted up the banner of Christ and preached an uttermost salvation regardless of the consequences, the God of battles would have been with him

and the station of miracles would soon have been reached. But alas, he failed!

Joel Smith was scarcely of middle age and was a man of keen discernment. I saw clearly that he had a full comprehension of the situation at Erie, and that he would have to bear the responsibility of the course he would take. He was a Southerner, and not a stranger to the holiness movement that had spread all over the South.

After attending one of our holiness conventions he admitted that he had never found persons who were truer in doctrine and experience and who had suffered greater misrepresentation. His keen insight into spiritual things made it more perilous for him to compromise. Mrs. Rhoda Wertheim, a gospel worker who had aided me in some of my revival work, especially at Erie, called on the new preacher to give him some information and also a solemn warning. At first he took her message lightly, but afterwards grew serious and trembled. A few weeks later he secured a young preacher who made no profession of holiness to assist him in a revival. He and the young evangelist made the statement that to preach sancti-

fication would be giving young converts strong meat when they were not ready for it; so they let the subject go by without even making mention of it in the pulpit. The meeting soon closed without anyone being converted.

After this meeting, Mr. Smith's health failed rapidly and at the end of the conference year he was removed from the charge at his own request. I saw him later and fully realized that the hand of death was upon him and he would soon be claimed as its victim. He was removed in 1896 to Salida, but there was no improvement in his health. He then wrote to my husband and me requesting our prayers and asking one or both of us to come to Salida to see him if possible. It was not easy then to leave my work and make such a trip and we had to leave the matter with the Lord. My husband made no effort to go. The preacher also asked for the woman to come who had brought him the message of warning at Erie, but circumstances prevented her from going. About three weeks later he passed away.

The people called for me to hold a revival meeting at Longmont, a town in a farming district eight miles from Erie. The churches

were all closed against the Gospel of full salvation and the only possible opening where holiness could be preached was in a gospel tent, if a place could be had to locate it. In the providence of God this was found and the meeting opened in July (1895).

With the assistance of some lay workers I held open-air meetings every evening preceding the service in the tent. Many of the farmers who came to town on business stayed until the street meeting and the service in the tent were over before returning to their homes.

I had the full responsibility and did nearly all of the preaching for four weeks. On the second Sabbath evening I pleaded with a number of young men who were under deep conviction, to yield to God, but they hesitated until the opportunity had passed. The next day six of them were badly scalded by an explosion in the canning factory, and one died within a few hours. This accident greatly alarmed hundreds of people who from night to night attended the services. Only eternity will disclose what was accomplished. There were those who attended regularly who failed to yield to God then, but did so after they had moved to other localities.

Rebecca Grant, a colored saint, camped on the ground and with her prayers, songs, and testimonies did a work that eternity will reveal. She was known for her power in prayer and for her faith and humility, a servant of servants who never complained in suffering or while under reproach, but gladly and silently endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. She was given to much fasting and prayer. Her dark face would often show a supernatural light when she spoke or testified under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. She would say, "Oh, children, He will never get rid of me. I am all dressed up. I am the King's daughter. My clothing is of wrought gold. My raiment is of fine needlework." She called Jesus her Ishi. When the people witnessed for Him she would say, "Talk about Him, children, talk about Him." No matter how indifferent an audience might be to some speakers, unusual interest was manifested when "Aunt Rebecca" had something to say. Many persons in trouble sought her little home on the outskirts of Denver to have her pray for them, and never failed to receive help and comfort.

Our next camp meeting was held at Fort

Collins. There were perhaps thirty-five hundren people on the grounds the last Sunday. The burden of getting this meeting on foot fell on my husband and me. One hundred persons whose patronage and cooperation we had solicited went on a special train from Denver. This number of professed Christians formed the nucleus of the camp meeting, the most of them camping on the grounds the entire time. Among them were undoubtedly the most spiritual people in the state.

At a Sunday evening service I preached on "Hell," a subject entirely new to most of the audience, because the preachers had failed to declare the whole counsel of God. They had failed to preach holiness, and where one topic is neglected the other will be also. Methodism was strong in Colorado and there was no lack of preachers and churches, but on this occasion holiness was being preached on virgin soil. How strange it is that Methodists should oppose the very doctrine that Wesley said they were raised up to preach!

The encampment was on the old fair grounds, about one and a half miles from Fort Collins. A great many who, no doubt, came

from curiosity, remained to seek the Lord. A near-by farmer attended several evenings in succession. I, with others, talked to him about his soul. The last evening that he attended, four different persons pleaded with him to give his heart to God, but he refused. He said he did not believe in a hell, and, claiming to be an honest man who treated his neighbors and everybody right, said he would take his chances. The next morning this man was found in an unconscious condition a few hundred yards from the camp grounds. His face was badly bruised, but no one was able to ascertain the cause. I visited his sick room in company with a woman who had spoken to him about his soul in the meeting the night before the accident. We tried to pray, but our mouths were closed. Evil spirits had him in their possession and we had to leave him to his fate. It was too late. He died without hope a few days later.

ARTHUR K. WHITE

## CHAPTER XVI

### Box Elder, Black Hollow, and Other Revivals

ROM Fort Collins my husband and I went to Box Elder, a rich farming community, to hold a meeting in a schoolhouse. Aaron Kitchell, one of the leading Methodists of the neighborhood, brought his carriage to the railroad station and took us to his home. He said he had attended our camp meeting for the purpose of ascertaining whether people who professed holiness had anything more than he had. He decided that they had not; and said he did not profess to be sanctified. He was one of thousands who are deceived about having salvation. No one who has true religion opposes the doctrine and experience of holiness. It could not be otherwise than that this man would

be a hindrance to the meeting and to his family of grown-up sons and daughters.

A few days before our arrival in the neighborhood a young man who was engaged to be married to one of this man's daughters was brought to his home from the harvest field very ill and, in accordance with his own request, was taken into a secluded room in the house and no one was permitted to see him. He said he did not want to be talked to about his soul. Finally our host, who became embarrassed over the situation, asked us to come into the young man's room for prayer. We did so and found him in an ill humor. When about to leave the room I went back to his bedside to tell him not to be afraid of us, that we would not force him to accept salvation, that Jesus himself would not do this. I promised him also not to intrude again unless he made a request to see us. The young woman to whom he was to be married was as indifferent as he.

After ten days the break came in the meetnigs and fully thirty persons responded to the altar call. The messages had been given, not in word only, but in the power of the Holy Spirit. Three days later, when the smoke of the battle

had somewhat cleared away, the thrilling testimonies and shining faces gave evidence that a genuine work of grace had been performed in the hearts of the people. Some persons testified to having received the second work of grace. As soon as sanctification was mentioned our host arose and began to speak against the experience. It was like throwing a wet blanket over a flame. This was the last meeting he attended for some time; the young man in his home was growing worse and his services were required at his bedside. I was glad to be relieved of his presence.

On the last Sunday afternoon there were thirty-five seekers at the altar, some of whom were seeking the pardon of their sins, others sanctification. The service lasted nearly all the afternoon. During the three weeks we spent at this place about seventy persons were converted. In a number of families every member sought and found the Lord.

One of the families had lost three children in a lake near their home. The children had been dressed for Sunday school when their uncle, with another young man, drove up to the gate. The young men insisted that the children

and their father go with them for a boat ride. The father hesitated, but finally consented to go. When the boat was about ten feet from the shore it capsized and all were thrown into the water. After a desperate struggle the father of the children escaped with the youngest child in his arms. Three other children and the two young men were drowned. It was supposed that the young men's feet caught in some barbed wire at the bottom of the lake.

The man who made his escape with the one child was reclaimed. He said that before this occurrence, when he was a Christian, he had always prayed that if he should ever backslide the Lord would be merciful enough to let something happen that would be the means of bringing him back. "My prayers have been answered," he said, "but at an awful cost." His wife, grieving for her children, fell away to a mere skeleton. Like Rachel, she wept for her children and would not be comforted because they were not (Matt. 2:18). Some of her relatives, especially a sister, severely censured the father for not being able to rescue the other children. This woman, who was so bold as to charge him with their death, had a child of her

own that was in the habit of playing about the door. One day it was missed, and after searching frantically she found it drowned in a ditch near by. For her failure to recognize the hand of God in His dealings with her sister's husband, divine retribution was visited upon her.

As the young man in the Kitchell home continued to grow worse, the family was relieved of our entertainment, and when we left I knew that if he recovered it would be a miracle. A few days later the stricken man sent for us to come back to pray for him. He said, "Everything is against me: I might as well give up. Please pray for me." In less than three-quarters of an hour after we knelt in prayer, he was gloriously converted. He then asked the young woman to whom he was engaged to give her heart to God also.

On this day, several hundred miles away, there was a shout of victory in the young man's home where his mother and friends were pleading with God for his salvation. He lived only a few days after his conversion, and just before he passed away he asked those at his bedside to sing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." He had had a great influence over the young people of the

community, and had he not been on a sick bed, no doubt he would have kept many of them from yielding their hearts to God. Soon after his death, the wife of Aaron Kitchell and two daughters in this home were stricken with typhoid, the same disease with which the young man had died. Sister Kitchell lived only six weeks after the close of our meeting. Later we visited the neighborhood and held a few services and found the young woman to whom the young man was to have been married not yet fully rcovered. She had lost her hair and was a pitiful object to look upon, so weak that she staggered as she walked across the room.

Her father, with the Zinzendorfian idea of "getting it all in conversion," had made up his mind to fight holiness, and God had made an example of him as a warning to others. He knows how to deal with those who lift their puny arms in rebellion against Him. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

The following is a copy of the letter written by the mother of the young man to her son who died:

"My darling boy: I was glad to hear from

you, but sorry to hear of your illness. Hope you are better. We greatly rejoice to learn that you have enlisted as a soldier for Jesus. I was not very much surprised. Brother and Sister S— were here when we were having worship. Sister S— prayed for you, and of course I was praying, for I was feeling very bad. I stayed on my knees quite a while after the rest got up, and the Lord wonderfully blest me; I could hardly tell just what it was for, but I knew that you would be saved. The angels were rejoicing over a sinner coming to God, and my heart was filled with joy and gratitude.

"Last night, after hearing of your conversion, I rejoiced and praised God nearly all night. Bless His name! Now, Charlie, be true. It is hard to have you sick away from home, and Mother sometimes thinks she can't stay away from her boy. With many kisses to my darling. Good-by. Your Mother."

The father of Charlie also enclosed a letter expressing his gratitude because his son had been converted, and exhorting him to be faithful. Today the peaks of the Rocky Mountains stand on the west above the young man's grave, like white-robed sentinels, and will guard the

resting place of the sleeper until the Christ of the resurrection comes in the east and releases them from their vigil.

On a certain evening during the service while I prayed the Spirit came upon me in mighty power. A farmer who was present invited us to visit at his home several miles away. He said he could not understand why we should be working as we were and making such sacrifices if there was nothing in religion. He claimed to be an infidel, and we found that he was living in a nest of infidels in his part of the community. He told us that his father was a preacher, and that he had belonged to the Presbyterian Church himself, but finding nothing in religion had withdrawn from the church.

The next day we called on this man. We told him we did not come to go over the ground of infidelity, but that if he would seek God with all his heart, He would be found of him (Jer. 29:13). But he claimed he had no faith and could not believe. He was told just to seek, to be honest about it, not to be ashamed to make a public effort, and to begin to pray. He was held to this.

That evening the farmer went forward to

the altar, showing no signs of feeling or conviction, but said he would go on our word, as an honest man desiring the truth. After kneeling at the altar he arose, turned to the audience and said, "I have ten times the faith I had when I came up here," then knelt again and continued to pray. We found him the next day under such conviction he had quit work. While trying to pray aloud he threw up his hands and began to laugh. The Spirit of God had touched him and he was a new creature. The following Sunday he rose in the "Amen corner" weeping, and said, "I did not know that God Almighty had such a blessing for human beings as I have received the past week." Then he told about his conversion. Later he became a preacher of the Gospel.

After closing this meeting my husband and I returned home and rested a few days, then began a meeting at Black Hollow, in one corner of the famous potato district. On nearly every farm men and women were working early and late to save their potatoes from the frost. There were only a few persons present at the first two services. My husband became discouraged over the outlook and wanted to close

the meeting. Before leaving home, I had had the evidence of great victory at this place; and was positive the Lord had led us there. Feeling that He would be grieved by our giving up without further trial, I persuaded my husband to stay until it was clear that the Lord was through with us.

As we were passing the schoolhouse where the meeting was held, we went in to pray. We had been driving in the cold winds and sleeping in cold rooms, and I had taken a severe cold. While on my knees I had a hard chill, followed by a high temperature, and was unable to attend the service that evening. By the next morning all the symptoms of pneumonia had developed. My husband and the family where we were staying said that a physician must be called at once, but I hesitated and asked them to pray for me.

Sister Hedgepath, our hostess, had become so interested in the subject of sanctification she persisted in asking me questions, even when I was suffering most. She and her husband claimed to have been Christians for years, but never had heard the doctrine of holiness preached before. The pain in my body became

so intense I cried and prayed aloud for relief. My husband told the family, who were in an adjoinnig room, that I had been healed a number of times in answer to prayer, and asked them to come in and pray with me. Instead of praying for me, Sister Hedgepath cried to the Lord to sanctify her. At the close of her prayer the Holy Spirit came mightily upon me, and lifting my head from the pillow I prayed, not only for her sanctification, but for the salvation of the whole community. Almost instantly the pain left me and the perspiration stood on my forehead. No one could doubt that I had been healed.

Some time during the following night Sister Hedgepath received the witness of the Spirit to her sanctification, and the next morning her face was illumined with heavenly light as she prayed for her family and others. One of her daughters began to pray, "O God, give me what Mother has; give me what Mother has!" and the Lord satisfied her heart.

The news went forth the next day that I had been healed and would be at the meeting that night. When I arrived at the schoolhouse the yard was full of people. The powerful

anointing of the Holy Spirit was upon me when I preached the sermon. Later, when the altar call was made, a son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Hedgepath sitting in a back seat cried out for deliverance from sin. He said, "I can't stand it any longer!" and started for the altar. He had gone only a few steps when his soul was liberated and he shouted for joy. The people had never seen anything like this, and the potato diggers left their fields to come to the services. The revival swept on until the card parties and dancing circles were all broken up.

At the family altar one morning while I was trying to lead another member of the Hedgepath family into the experience of holiness by telling her to "reckon herself dead indeed unto sin" (Rom. 6:11), her father, who had been doing a great deal of thinking, cried, "I see it, I see it!" He then sprang to his feet with a shout that startled us all from our knees; he caught the baby in his arms and tossed it above his head, saying, "I never loved you as I do now," then he hugged and kissed the other members of his family. After that his shouts and testimonies were heard and enjoyed at the annual camp meetings.

An elderly man in the neighborhood who had been in a backslidden state for years avoided any conversation about his soul, but was very talkative on other subjects. I had never seen a greater slave to tobacco. He was hedged in with arguments until there was apparently no way to get to him. I became so burdened for his salvation that one night I could not sleep. His white head and face were continually before me. My husband and I went to his home the second time and succeeded in getting him on his knees. At first he would not pray, but after much entreaty he called on God to have mercy upon him. The Spirit interceded with groanings that could not be uttered, and his prayer was soon turned to praise. After the light from heaven streamed into his soul he sang:

*" 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;*
*I am my Lord's, and He is mine."*

The work of salvation continued for many weeks in this community after the revival closed. James Scarlet, known as "Scarlet Jim," who was considered the hardest character in the country, was converted while riding along on his horse. We were at Black Hol-

low three weeks and closed the meeting after seeing many old-time conversions and a few people sanctified. It is a notable fact that revival work done in country schoolhouses and out-of-the-way places stands much better than in the cities where there is so much to attract the attention of young converts and where there are so many false professors.

My next meeting was at Holyoke, Colorado, where I went to help my brother in a revival. The following is a brief report that he gave of the meeting:

"The Lord has been pouring out His Spirit on our people in a great measure. The entire community has been stirred as never before in its history. Sinners have been converted, believers sanctified, and the church lifted out of the ruts. Special services began November 16 and closed after three weeks of hard labor. My sister, Mrs. Alma White, preached under the power of the Spirit, and the altar was crowded with seekers from night to night. It afforded us much joy when all classes were seen coming forward with one accord and calling upon God for salvation. The church was filled every evening with eager listeners. Some of the prin-

cipal business and professional men were reached and saved. Prodigals who had been away from their Father's house for many years came back and received the kiss of reconciliation. It was wonderful to see the shining faces and hear the thrilling testimonies. Envy and strife gave place to divine love in the hearts of certain individuals. Family altars also were erected.

"A few months ago there was much opposition to the doctrine of holiness, but constant teaching under the guidance of the Spirit has swept away much of it, and now living testimonies form an argument which opposers can neither gainsay nor resist. The people are hungry for holiness literature. One young man who came home from college on his vacation was convicted of sin and has since dedicated his life to the ministry."

I reached home for Christmas. Within three months there had been four meetings under my ministry that had resulted in over two hundred conversions. To God be all the praise! Jesus said, "Without me ye can do nothing," and truer words were never spoken. So many preachers fail because they depend

upon their own ability to move the hearts of men. It is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Zech. 4:6).

## CHAPTER XVII

### Opening of the Pentecostal Mission

T the Haymarket Mission, where the doctrine of sanctification at one time had been honored and preached, there had come a great change; those who once had liberty in preaching and testifying to the experience were now hindered from doing so by Rev. A. C. Peck, superintendent of the mission. Mr. Peck noticed me in the congregation one evening and invited me to preach the next evening. On the following morning I awoke with Acts 19:2 on my lips: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" I was burdened all day and spent much of the time in prayer. The doctrine of sanctification as a second work of grace, and the importance of definite testimony, burned in my breast. I knew

something was coming. I trembled all day. My soul was suffering the birth pangs of a new work.

I reached the mission hall a little early and walked back to Sixteenth Street and around a block. I could see the steepled churches in every direction, reminding me of broken cisterns that could hold no water. I asked the Lord to open up a well of salvation in the heart of the city where famishing multitudes could quench their thirst. On returning to the mission the superintendent beckoned me to the platform. After reading the scripture lesson from which I took my text, I had a slight struggle, then broke through to liberty. Amid the shouts of the people, the sword of truth was unsheathed, and nearly an hour quickly passed.

At the close of the sermon there was a rush in two directions—some to the altar and others to the door. The Rev. Mr. Arington, the assistant pastor, stood near the door trying to comfort those whose idols had been shattered and who were chafing under the message. The superintendent acted like a pouting child. Soon there were shouts of victory from penitents at the altar. A Presbyterian minister took my

hand and said, "God bless you! preach on; it is the truth, if we are slow to receive it."

The leader said he did not wish to criticize, but he did not think it necessary to use the word "sanctification," as it aroused so much opposition; that there were other terms that could be used that would not cause offense; that some of the holiness people in New York had learned this, and he had been among them and found it was more profitable to talk about the "infilling of the Holy Spirit," than to use the term "sanctification." It did not take much spiritual discernment to see the cloven hoof of the devil in this argument, and I knew that God would open up another place in the city where the Gospel would be preached without fear of men or devils.

I did not know until several weeks later that I had been on trial in this service and that Mr. Peck had invited me to preach for the purpose of finding out whether or not he could tone me down and use me as a tool to carry out his plans of compromise. He was intending to employ my husband and me to help conduct his mission. But when he found he could not induce me to lower the standard and sell

out the cause of holiness, he let the subject drop and God wrote "Ichabod" on his escutcheon. Since that time he has been no longer a factor in the true work of the Gospel.

Two years before, Psalm 121:8 had been given me: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore." At this time the thought of moving to Denver was suggested to me. We were without any visible means of support, and to go where the cost of living would be increased would be to take an additional step of faith. I never had preached for wages; with the convictions I had this would be out of the question.

Later I had the clear light that the Lord wanted us to move to Denver and took this as evidence that He would supply our needs. My husband hesitated, but finally consented when he saw I was settled in my purpose, and began to make preparations to move. He said it would take a week to find a suitable house. I asked the Lord to direct in this, and that the first house shown us might be the place. With the assurance that my request would be granted I went to Denver two days before my husband,

and twice started to the rental offices, but was consciously stopped and told to wait until our goods had arrived.

Later we started out, and found a suitable house with a large yard opening on Lincoln Park. The house, a seven-room brick, had large double parlors—just the place for a weekly holiness meeting. When I thought of this the blessing of the Lord came upon me and I exclaimed, "This is the place." At first I thought of nothing but the rent, which was a third more than we had expected to pay, and how to manage this, with the extra expense of living, I did not know. Making a final test I asked the Lord that the rent might be reduced if it were His will for us to take the house. It was secured for one dollar less, and in a few hours our household goods were brought from the station by an expressman free of charge.

The railroad company made a mistake in weighing the car in which our goods were shipped, and the freight, to my surprise, was only $2.75. When their attention was called to the mistake, they declared it was too late to correct it, and good-naturedly said it was their loss and our gain. The hand of the Lord was

seen in all these things—in the moving, in the first house with its arrangement and surroundings—and this greatly encouraged me.

Two weeks after we were settled, Thursday afternoon holiness meetings were started in our home, which proved to be a spiritual oasis in a desert. From time to time there were conversions, sanctifications, and many remarkable cases of healing in these services. Some of the regular attendants have since passed away in the triumphs of faith. Meetings held on holidays were special seasons of refreshing.

A place was opened for Sunday afternoon holiness meetings near the center of the city, in a side room of the building in which the Haymarket Mission was conducted. We had met there only a few times, however, when the superintendent, the Rev. A. C. Peck, sent me a request to find another place. His excuse was that he wanted his people to rest on Sunday afternoons in order to be ready for his night services.

At the last service in this room, Sister Hattie Livingston offered me a large, new gospel tent for my summer's work. The next thing

was to find a suitable location for it near the center of the city where services could be preceded by open-air meetings. We had been definitely led to the house we occupied, and I believed the Holy Spirit would direct to the place where the gospel tabernacle was to be erected. I felt impressed to ask my husband to go to Twentieth and Arapahoe Streets to see if there were any vacant lots in that vicinity. Here, lots less than half a block from the street car line were secured free of charge, and soon the tent was in readiness for the first service, which was held June 16, 1896.

The attendance increased from night to night and the altars were filled with seekers. Hard-hearted men and women wept and prayed for deliverance from sin. I soon had enough help to conduct two meetings. Business men of the city often were brought under conviction after persons from our services had called upon them for the purpose of making restitution. In every case those who were trying to get right with God were received kindly and forgiven by those whom they had wronged.

At Lincoln Park great multitudes gathered on Sundays. I could see them from our back

door and wanted to preach to them. I asked my husband to see the park commissioners and find out if permission could be had to hold religious services there. I urged him to go at once, but he said he knew a city ordinance had been passed prohibiting the holding of religious services in the parks, and it would be useless to make an effort of this kind. I went away alone to pray, and returned with a much greater burden on my heart. Seeing my tears he consented to go. I went with him, and it proved to be as he had said—nothing could be done.

As we walked along the street, my husband said, "Where next?" I replied, "I am going up to the tent to pray," and he went his way. I had gone only a few steps when someone spoke to me. I had scarcely collected my thoughts sufficiently to know whence the voice came, when Brother Denton, a commission merchant whom I had known for two years, approached me. He said he had just rented a building near Seventeenth and Market Streets for his business and did not need the second floor, and would be glad if we would open up a mission there. I told him that when cold

weather came on we would need such a place. He said, "It is only a few weeks until the cold weather will be here; why not take this room now?" I said, "We cannot pay the rent." "Never mind about that," he replied, "I will take the Lord for it." Then it flashed upon me that this was the explanation of my burden.

The place was taken and seated with benches made of plain lumber. Miranda Vorn Holtz, a woman seventy-four years old, whom God had greatly used and blest in revival work, assisted by some of my workers from the tent, was placed in charge at this hall. Previous to this the place had been known as the "Buckeye Gambling Hall," but now it became a "Peniel" of prevailing prayer, and within seven weeks two hundred twenty-five persons had professed salvation at the altar. The services at both the tent and the hall were preceded by street meetings. Thousands of people heard the Gospel preached in the open air; all classes, as they rushed to and fro, stopped to listen. Many who followed the workers to the hall and to the tent would fall on their knees at the altars before any preaching was done other than what they had heard on the street.

Afternoon prayer meetings were held daily, and I trembled under the power of the Spirit as I stood before the people from day to day with burning messages. There were times when I felt like running through a troop and leaping over a wall. There was much opposition, but it only made me stronger; the Son had made me free and I was free indeed. This freedom I had obtained at great cost—that of my church, my reputation, and my all.

On a certain evening when I left home to hold an open-air meeting on the corner of Sixteenth and Larimer Streets, I was told by the cook that five dollars' worth of groceries were needed. My husband was away from home and I had less than fifty cents. A large company gathered and the message was given with power. Tears were in the eyes of many persons, while others were offended. Two or three drunken men staggering through the crowd made a disturbance. A conflict wtih the powers of darkness was on, but as the Word went forth, the audience quieted down. A man on whose face sin had left its traces, placed a five dollar bill in my hand and said, "Pray for me." Another handed me a dollar; and still others,

smaller sums. My people seldom took collections on the street, and nothing had been said about money. Before closing, eleven men raised their hands for prayer. This meeting ran for two hours.

At another time when holding a meeting on the same corner it was sprinkling rain and less than a dozen persons stopped. While another person was speaking, some rude men made a disturbance. When some of the workers were about to give up and return to the mission hall, I was impressed to speak a few words. The first sentence, as hardly uttered when the Holy Spirit fell upon me in unusual power; it was like a shock from the heavenly battery. The people came from every direction, some of them running, and soon a multitude was massed about us. After I had preached forty minutes, a song was sung and a part of the audience moved on, giving place to others. The Holy Spirit then gave me another message, half an hour long. More than a thousand people heard the Gospel on the street that evening after we had been at the point of giving up the meeting as a failure.

At another time, after our congregation had

gathered, an old man who held a spite against me took a stand a few feet from us and began to talk. Confusion of course followed, and the people kept running back and forth to hear what was said on both sides. No officer was in sight and soon the street was blocked with people pressing against us from every quarter. The old man held out against two of our speakers. A crisis had come and I knew we must do something quickly or be defeated.

It was against the city ordinance to stand on the sidewalk and preach, but as there was no standing-room left in the street I saw nothing else to do, and stepping upon the sidewalk faced the company. My gospel gun was loaded and I used it. As I poured the message on this immense throng, our intruder's voice began to fail and he tried to get away. He was within a few steps of the sidewalk opposite me when a burly fellow took hold of him and brought him back. He said, "You commenced this fight, you will have to see it through." "My voice is giving out," he replied. "That makes no difference, you will have to talk as long as she does," was the answer. A policeman then appeared and told him if he disturbed another

meeting he would be arrested. I had prayed many times that the work of the enemy through this man might be stopped, as he had so often disturbed us before.

On another evening a cold wind was blowing and it seemed almost useless to try to hold the people; but I remembered the scripture says, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." As the sword of truth was unsheathed, a man standing in front of our company became very restless, and suddenly taking a bill from his pocket, he said in loud tones, "I will give you this if you will stop." When no attention was paid to him he became furious and repeated his first statement over and over. He drew a large audience, the people coming from all directions. I quoted the following scripture, "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." I told the people that this scripture described the condition of the man who was trying to hire me to quit speaking—he loved darkness rather than light. The disturber then suddenly disappeared, but not until a large company of peo-

ple had gathered who listened to our gospel message.

Near the close of an open-air meeting at Eighteenth and Larimer Streets, a young man stepped forward and said, "I came to make light of this service, but God has laid his hand on me while standing here, and I feel the weight of my sins. I have been wayward and rebellious. Recently my mother sent for me to come to Kentucky and see her before she died. I went to her bedside but hardened my heart against God and her dying pleas. I am a grandson of Bishop K—, of Kentucky: God has laid His hand upon me on this street corner tonight. I surrender all to him and feel that He saves me now."

A young woman was preaching on another occasion when a man who looked like a tramp began to scoff. My mother, who was present, touched his arm and requested him not to disturb the meeting. He asked abruptly, "Who are you?" She made no reply. "I am from Kentucky," he said. "I am from Kentucky, too," Mother replied, "and I am more ashamed of you than ever." He said, "I am from Millersburg." This was the town in

which my parents had lived for many years. When he learned this, he was amazed and said, "Then I suppose you must have known my people." He proved to be the prodigal son of our family physician. Long after he had last seen his parents, my mother had stood at their bedsides and closed their eyes in death. When she told him this, he wept bitterly and lamented his fallen condition. I remembered his brother Harmon, an intelligent young man, and his two sisters, who were the handsomest girls in the female college. Alas! to what a low state this wanderer had fallen—clad in filthy garments, begging for a dime with which to get a cheap bed or to buy a glass of rum.

Mother wrote to his brother in Millersburg who was living in luxury, telling him that she had found his long-lost brother. His reply was that he did not claim relationship to him and did not care to hear anything about him. How much was he like the elder brother in the parable of the prodigal son! (Luke 15).

These interesting incidents and experiences in the work are links in a seemingly endless chain, wrought out in the flaming forge of Pentecostal fire.

VIEW FROM THE DOORWAY OF MY CHILDHOOD HOME

## CHAPTER XVIII

### Leadville Conference and Mission Work

EAR the end of the summer (1896) I attended the Methodist Conference at Leadville. The wife of ex-Governor John Evans furnished the money for my expenses. She said she felt I was needed at the conference. Two lady missionaries offered to care for the house and children in my absence. They made this offer before I expressed a desire to go. I did not know what the Lord had for me to do, but I went expecting to walk in the light as He gave it to me.

John H. Vincent was the presiding bishop. He talked against revivals, altar services, pastoral calls, women preachers, gospel songs and many of the Methodist hymns. He trampled

old-time Methodism under his feet. His studied attacks on vital Christian experience were enough to make angels weep. But God had given me an experience that had founded me on the Rock, and my faith was unshaken by anything he had to say. I was kept by power divine among one hundred and fifty preachers and was used of the Lord to lead some of them into a deeper and better experience.

While Satan was hovering over the conference, the fire was burning in my soul and I had never felt more like setting the battle in array and witnessing for the Lord. I had an experience which heaven was backing up and I knew that I should be vindicated. Ephesians 6:12 was forcibly brought to my mind: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Bishop Vincent was no doubt the Ahab of Methodism who did more to provoke the wrath of God than all others who had preceded him (1 Kings 16:33). The spirit of Jezebel was present. A preacher was tried behind closed doors and his credentials taken from him, sim-

ply because he had been fearless in his denunciation of sin and the liquor combinations.

The conference was in session during the great strike of the Leadville miners, when thousands of men were wandering idly up and down the streets. No better opportunity was ever presented to preach the Gospel to the unsaved. An audience of two thousand easily could have been reached any evening within two blocks of the church where the conference was being held. With one hundred and fifty preachers in the city, no efforts were made by the church officials or others to preach to the unsaved multitudes. Assisted by two or three persons I held an open-air meeting every evening a short distance from the Methodist church. I had great liberty in preaching to the miners, while fireless preachers stood around the edges of the crowd with a spirit of criticism. Some of the younger preachers, however, would gladly have been with me had they not been afraid of the consequences.

In the providence of God the Congregational church was offered me at this time in which to hold meetings. Several ministers slipped away from the conference and came to my serv-

ices, a number of whom came to the altar to seek sanctification. The Bishop found out that they were coming and soon put a stop to it. The people expressed a desire to have me open a mission at Leadville. I left them with the promise that I would return for this purpose if the Lord should so direct.

Our annual camp meeting at Fort Collins followed. A train went out from Denver carrying more than one hundred campers, including a score of evangelists and missionaries. There were great numbers in attendance at all the services, especially on Sundays, and God's blessing was upon the people in convicting, converting, and sanctifying power.

At the close of this meeting Sister Miranda Vorn Holtz returned to Cincinnati and our efforts were centered at the mission in Denver where services were held every evening. Saturday afternoon meetings were held for the children; we also had a Sunday school for them. The children would come to us almost destitute of clothing, and nearly a thousand garments were given out to them during the winter months.

Every fall for a number of years carnivals

were held in the city, which drew great crowds from all parts of the state. During carnival week workers from our mission would go into the slums and hold midnight meetings. Here God manifested himself in unusual power. On one occasion, a shower of eggs came from rough men, incited by rumsellers whose prosperous carnival trade had been interfered with. Nothing daunted, our missionaries continued to preach until many broke down and wept. They were followed into the hall by penitent souls who with bitter tears confessed their sins and surrendered at the Cross. A certain preacher who happened to go out with the workers said he would not have missed this meeting for a thousand dollars. In it he received a new illustration of what God was to the Wesleys who were stoned for His sake.

In February (1897), I felt that Leadville would be my next field of labor, and soon a letter came from a woman who had opened a mission there and wanted me to take it off her hands. I supposed this woman was a person whom I had met at the conference, whose name I had forgotten. But on reaching "the city above the clouds" I was much disappointed to

find a woman of an entirely different character. I could do nothing with her mission, and after ten days of privation and much prayer the Lord opened the way for me to start another one on a different basis. I returned home after a month's absence and sent workers to take charge of the mission.

In the early part of the year 1898 I was called to two country districts near Greeley, Colorado, to hold meetings in schoolhouses. At these two places about eighty people were converted. Later I opened a mission at Colorado City. This place had a very bad name; in fact, it was called the most wicked town in the State.

On the Fourth of July our annual holiness convention was held at Pleasant View. Here $43.25 was given to me which I used in opening a mission at Cheyenne, Wyoming. In this frontier town I preached for more than a month in a tent pitched half a block from the Congregational church. Large numbers of people attended the open-air meetings. At first the spirit of indifference and unbelief was hard to overcome, and courage was required to break it down. Soon, however, the power of conviction took hold of people and they flocked to the

altar. Later the mission was moved to a hall where during the winter months souls were brought into the kingdom. Some of the converts moved to other parts of the country; others I met afterward in my travels and found they were standing true to God.

Our fifth annual camp meeting was held in 1898, at Greeley. The camp meetings heretofore spoken of were supposed to be carried on under the auspices of the Colorado Holiness Association, the organization of which was effected at the Haymarket Mission, Denver, October 4 and 5, 1893. My husband, on whom most of the temporal work fell, was made secretary of this association. There were those who were willing for their names to be used as speakers in camp meetings and conventions, but who took no active part where work or sacrifice was required. Such persons were usually ambitious for leadership where they could build on the sacrifice and labors of others.

The Rev. J. A. DeFoe, a Free Methodist preacher, was a man of this character, who put forth every effort to bring about a division in the camp. His ambition was to be the leader of the holiness people, the most of whom had been

converted or sanctified under my ministry. I carried a burden on account of this man that only God could help me to bear. I saw that he was more to be feared than an open-faced foe, and that unless God intervened it would be only a question of time until he would succeed in destroying most of the good that had been accomplished through my evangelistic labors. The Lord comforted my heart by showing me that He was going to bring about a separation of my work from that of the Colorado Holiness Association, and that a new organization under a new name would be formed where there would be no opportunity for these wolves in sheep's clothing to get in and destroy the work. The result of this separation was the launching of the Pillar of Fire movement in Colorado.

After the summer's work was over I waited before the Lord for several weeks, during which time I saw the great need of a home and training school for some of our new converts and missionaries. A number of young people who were willing to give up their positions and devote all their time to the Lord's work, were hindered by having to work for wages to meet their expenses. The most of these had not

had the advantage of orthodox teaching in their early lives, and therefore knew but little of the doctrine to which Paul told Timothy to take heed. Unless such persons could be enlightened, their work for God would result in but little good and in all probability they would drop out of the race altogether. If young people can have proper training they will not be so easily caught in the snares of the enemy. The Methodist Hymal did much to establish me in right doctrines. It should be studied and used by everybody who wishes to obtain salvation and become established in the Christian life.

The burden for a home and training school weighed heavily upon me and I prayed until the obstacles were removed and the opening of such an institution was made possible. How to finance it, of course, was the great problem; but I knew God had a way to do it, and that if His plans were carried out He would give us the means to get it started and to keep it going.

I wrote to interested people in the country and city asking them to meet with us to pray on the first Thursday afternoon in November (1898) at our home at 1226 West Thirteenth

Avenue. There were forty-five persons present at this meeting: After the matter was discussed, different ways of securing funds were suggested, but it was shown me that I must ask no one for anything myself or in any way lean on the arm of flesh, and that in trusting the Lord fully, He would move upon the hearts of people to bring or send in the money and other things necessary for the opening of the training school.

Within a few weeks money was on hand to pay the first month's rent of a building secured on Twenty-Second Street, and also to buy furniture and provisions with which to begin. On the first day of February (1899), we held an opening service, but for some reason we did not get the school started until three months later when we decided to move to 2348 Champa Street, a much better and more commodious place. Here forty persons could be provided for. Our rents were always met on the first of each month. The work was established on a faith basis. Board, lodging, and tuition were furnished students who were willing to help do the work of the institution.

On the twenty-seventh of June (1899),

with my husband and two sons, I left Denver for Butte, Montana, to open a mission. There was no money on hand when I decided to go, but I knew the Lord had made known His will in the matter and I did not hesitate to get ready for the trip. My husband preached at Greeley on the Sunday preceding our going, and instead of receiving five or six dollars as was usual, he was given thirty, the amount needed for our tickets, in addition to what we had for other expenses. The Lord was precious to my soul on this thousand-mile journey, giving me tokens of His favor and His approval of the step of faith that had been taken.

At midnight the train was due at Dillon where we had many relatives and acquaintances. For good reasons I did not want to reach this place in the night, and I asked the Lord to delay the train in such a way that no one would be greatly inconvenienced by it. I received the assurance that He would grant my request. An hour later our good-natured conductor came through the car and said, "This train will be delayed five hours; there has been a washout a few miles ahead of us." He passed a few words of conversation with our boys and went on.

They rejoiced to see "Mamma" get her "prayer through." The train would reach Dillon at five o'clock; this was too early, and I asked for a further delay. In less than an hour the conductor came through the train again and said, "This train will be seven and one-half hours late instead of five." I shall never forget the expression on the boys' faces, who knew that after the conductor had announced the train to be five hours late I had asked the Lord to delay it two and one-half hours longer. They said, "Mamma, the Lord gives you everything you ask Him for."

We remained at Dillon a few days and then went on to Butte. Living expenses were very high. It was almost impossible to find rooms at any reasonable price, and still more difficult to locate a hall suitable for our mission work. In our extremity we thought of renting a storeroom in a poor location. When about to close the deal we learned that scarlet fever had broken out next door to it, and this stopped us. With only a few dollars left we had to change our rooming place the next day. On Sunday afternoon we felt that something would have to be done quickly, and decided to wait on the

Lord until He came to our help. While doing so the evidence came to me that a hall would soon be located.

The next morning, just as I awoke, I thought of my husband's gold watch. Quick as a flash it came to me to ask him to sell the gold and put the works in a silver case. I had known for some time that the Lord was not pleased with his wearing an expensive gold watch, when the Scriptures forbid the wearing of gold. He had tried to sell the case once before in Denver, but failed to receive a satisfactory offer. The gold in the case was now sold for thirty-three dollars, and the works put in a silver case costing only five dollars.

While walking out in the residence section of the city to look for rooms, I met a woman who called herself a "Latter Day Saint." She said that she and her people had hunted the city over to find a place in which to hold their meetings. They had found a room, but it was not suitable for their work. "It is centrally located and will suit your purpose exactly, and can be had for a reasonable price," she said. It was the dining-room of a large hotel, a half-basement just a few feet down from the sidewalk. This

room was secured and the first two weeks' rent paid with the money received from the sale of the watch case. The Methodists were building a new church and we were able to get their old seats.

But our difficulties were not ended. The Chief of Police forbade our holding out-of-door meetings. He was unreasonable and insolent, and said that if we attempted to hold street meetings he would have us arrested. The Mayor gave us no encouragement and told us that whatever the Chief said would have to stand. There was no way to get the people into our hall without open-air meetings, and this meant we must back down and give up or go to jail. I made up my mind to go to the street even if it meant a jail sentence.

When we had reached our extremity, going ahead within our constitutional rights, the God of battles undertook for us and we were not molested. Praise His name! He can shut the lions' mouths and open prison doors. From day to day the Gospel was fearlessly proclaimed in this modern Gomorrah of the Northwest. Never had I seen the bulwarks of the enemy so impregnable and sin so bold-faced. As we sang,

preached, and prayed, God gave the assurance that His word would break in pieces the rock.

Until help arrived, nearly four months later, I did not miss a meeting on the street or in the hall, and was wonderfully sustained by the Lord through this long siege. There was much involved, and to fail here would mean to fail in other places. This was the key to the future success of the work. Six weeks passed before we had a convert, but a break came at last and there were seekers in almost every service. A home for missionaries was fitted up, for which most of the furniture and supplies were donated.

After an absence of six months I returned to Denver, my husband remaining three months longer. During the first year at Butte, three hundred forty open-air meetings were held and three hundred thirty-five services conducted in the hall. Eighty-four persons professed conversion and twenty-two claimed to get sanctified. Besides visiting and praying with the sick and distributing tracts and other religious literature, much house-to-house calling was done. The mission had no other resources than the voluntary contributions of the people.

RAY B. WHITE

## CHAPTER XIX

### Faith Experiences

T Denver I found the expenses of the work had greatly increased. There were bills that had to be met and, the winter being exceedingly cold, the cost of fuel was high. Our enemies had prophesied that our school could not be kept open through the winter, and I arrived from Butte just at the time they supposed their prophecy was about to be fulfilled.

In an afternoon meeting at the mission hall a number of persons were present who belonged to the Colorado Holiness Association, among them several ministers, some of whom were pastors of churches. They were not expecting me to be present and deliver a message at this time, but after listening to their fireless exhortations, the Holy Spirit gave me a burning message, the results of which can better be imagined than told. The last cord that bound me

to the old holiness movement was now severed. There were persons present who from this time became my open enemies, among them official members of the Holiness Association. They said they had made a mistake in coming to our hall, and never again did they ask for the use of it.

There was no doubt in my mind that the Lord was pleased when the truth was preached in the presence of these hypocritical professors. He gave me the assurance then and there that He would undertake for us financially. An elderly gentleman whom I had never seen before wept while the message was being delivered. At the close of the meeting he introduced himself and handed me five dollars, with the remark that there was more to follow. A few weeks later he gave me a check for twenty-five dollars and still later another for forty; he kept this up at regular intervals for months, and money came from other and unexpected sources, so that all our bills were paid and other expenses met.

On a certain day we needed twenty-five dollars. I could see no source from which it could come, but I had the assurance in the early

morning that it would be on hand in due time. That same day a person who attended our holiness meeting handed me a check for this amount. When I asked the Lord for twenty-five dollars I opened the Bible to the first verse of the second chapter of Ruth and read: "And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech; and his name was Boaz." Boaz is a type of Christ, and Ruth a type of the Bride. The Lord had told me that I was a member of His Bride; the wealth of Boaz then, or of Christ, was mine as my faith reached out and claimed it. It was a day of rejoicing for me. I had a better understanding than ever of what it meant to be the Bride of Christ, and took special interest in studying the book of Ruth. I found in it a mine of wealth, worth infinitely more than the gold and silver that perishes.

Some wolves in sheep's clothing I found had been admitted to our missionary home in my absence; those who had been left in charge were not experienced enough to know how to deal with them. I had been back a little more than a week when I was awakened suddenly out of sleep by the voice of the Holy Spirit

saying, "There is a thief in the house." Tl was repeated the second or third time. I w soon wide awake and asked the Lord to sh me who the thief was. The face of a m came before me who had professed conversi in the mission and been admitted to the scho

The next morning I told my experience the matron and others. They were amaze they thought this person was a saint. The m tron could not get the consent of her conscien to say that he should be put out of the hom I asked her to cooperate with me in his spee removal, but as she hesitated I saw I shou have to take the matter in hand, and tell him go. Others in the home pleaded to have hi stay. They said, "Let him go to the missi hall and room with the janitor until he ca find work." I reluctantly consented to this ar limited the time to three days. They hoped th I should find I was mistaken about this m and that he would be granted the privilege returning to the school. Many earnest praye were offered for him during the next two day but at the end of his time limit at the missi he had made his escape with stolen goods ar money to the amount of one hundred fifty d

lars. He took a bicycle, a violin worth forty-five dollars, twenty-five dollars' worth of books, two trunks of clothing, and forged a check on an aged brother for one hundred dollars. We afterwards learned that he was living under an assumed name and had served a term in the Canon City penitentiary. This experience taught our people a lesson which proved of far greater value to them than the goods that were stolen.

There is a floating class of criminals and ex-convicts who make it their business to go from city to city, making a profession of religion and identifying themselves for a time with missions and churches where they work on the sympathies of the people. After they have gained their confidence and find there is danger of being found out, they borrow money or work some other scheme, and then take their departure. Later they appear in another part of the country under a different name, and continue their old devices, playing the part of penitent, then professing to get converted, etc. Some of them are almost wise enough to deceive the very elect. It takes the Holy Spirit to ferret them out.

In the days of Elijah the Lord sent a famine in Israel because of the people's sins (1 Kings 17). It was during this time that the Lord commanded the prophet to turn east and hide himself by the brook Cherith. Here he was fed by the ravens, who carried him bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening. Twice a day symbolizes the two works of grace—justification and sanctification; the bread and flesh, the broken body of Jesus Christ. Soon the brook dried up and the word of the Lord again came to the prophet saying, "Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee."

It might seem strange to some that the Lord would send His servant to a poor widow's house to be sustained in time of famine, but He makes no mistakes, whatever may be the outlook from a human point of view. Elijah obeyed the word of the Lord, like the true prophets and the saints all down the ages. When he reached Zarephath he met the woman at the gate gathering sticks to cook her last handful of meal, that she and her son might eat it and die. If

a modern evangelist had been in Elijah's place he might have turned away, concluding he was out of divine order, and had mistaken the voice of the Lord.

Elijah asked the woman to bake him a little cake first, and afterwards to make for herself and her son. He told her that the Lord had said the meal should not waste nor the cruse of oil fail until rain should come upon the earth. The woman could have had no greater test. With a starving child at her side and looking into an open grave herself, she was asked to give her last morsel to a stranger, on the promise that God would work a miracle. Complying with the prophet's request the poor widow met conditions for a miracle to be performed. Jesus said: "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it" (Luke 17:33). In giving her earthly substance to Elijah, she sought not to save her own life and that of her son.

The death route must be taken before the station of divine miracles is reached. It was so with Abraham when he was "as good as dead" (Heb. 11:12). Most people would have asked that the meal and the oil be increased

first, but there would have been neither sacrifice nor faith in this. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. 11:1). Faith is trusting in the dark.

A little girl was asked by her father to throw her rag doll into the fire. She did not understand why this request was made, but she obeyed and consigned it to the flames. It was a great sacrifice for her to give up the doll. Her father, pleased with her act of obedience, brought out a large bisque doll with real hair and blue eyes, and handed it to her. One can imagine her joy. Many persons are kept in spiritual poverty because of disobedience when they might be the recipients of untold blessings, wearing festal garments and eating at the King's table.

Elijah had a great task before him in ridding the country of Baal worship. There was no way for him to do this but to slay the false prophets. He called all the people to Mount Carmel, erected an altar and laid on it the sacrifice. The prophets of Baal were there and also the Hebrews, who had become weakened by

idolatry. They had been lured to the groves of Baal by profligate leaders and made to bow at his shrine and kiss his image, and God's wrath was burning against them because of this thing. At this time of great extremity He had a chosen instrument in Elijah, who faithfully carried out His orders and brought glory to His name. The prophet said, "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word."

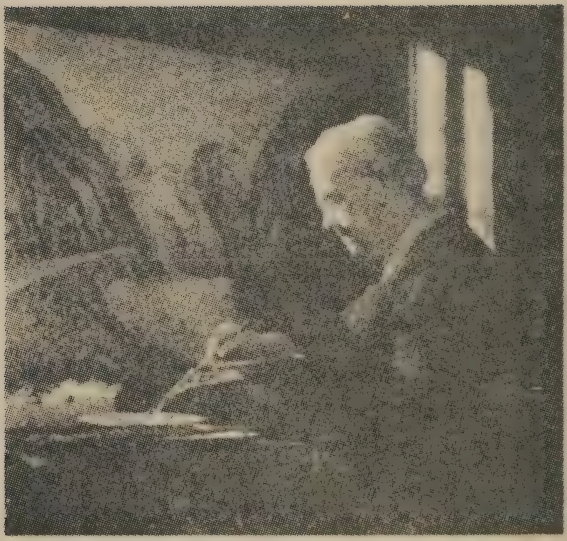
The only way Elijah could destroy idolatry and save Israel was to take the heads off the lying prophets of Baal and after he had put them to a thorough test and no fire fell upon the altar, he fearlessly cut them down with the sword, and no sooner were the prophets slain than there was a sound of abundance of rain. They had prepared their sacrifices and called on the name of Baal from morning until noon saying, "O Baal, hear us"; in other words, "O Lord, hear us." But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar that was made, but no fire fell. Is it any wonder that Elijah mocked them and said, "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is

talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked."

Baal's prophets must have been a sorrowful sight, cutting themselves with lances until they were bathed in their own blood. The preachers in the pulpits of today are much like Baal's prophets—victims of their own weapons. There is no one to answer their cries, and God has declared that when their calamity comes He will mock them. They make a great noise, chant their doleful anthems, operate any amount of church machinery, but the fire does not fall upon their altars. The punishment of hypocritical preachers will be more dreadful than that which Baal's prophets suffered at the hand of God through His servant Elijah.

"And it came to pass, when Ahab saw Elijah, that Ahab said unto him, Art thou he that troubleth Israel? And he answered, I have not troubled Israel; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim." God's prophets never trouble the true Israel; it is only apostate Israel that they disturb.

When men who have the Holy Spirit are charged with splitting a church, you may be sure that church is backslidden. A religious club that calls itself a church does not like to be disturbed in its carnal security. Ahab symbolizes human governments, and his idolatrous queen, the fallen Church. They were equally persistent in Baal worship. Jezebel was the daughter of Ethbaal, the idolatrous king of the Zidonians. She and her wicked husband fed the false prophets, slew the servants of the Lord, and succeeded in plunging the nation into more dreadful apostasy than it had ever been in before. It was at this time that Elijah appeared on the scene and was accused of troubling Israel, as people who have the Holy Ghost are accused of troubling the old church organizations today.



ALMA WHITE IN LATER YEARS AS AN ARTIST

## CHAPTER XX

### Meeting at Paris, Kentucky—Shut Out at Pleasant View—Christ as Redeemer, Heavenly Bridegroom, and Coming King —The Tribulation

N May 14, 1901, accompanied by my mother, I arrived at Paris, Kentucky, where I had two sisters and a brother living. Some of the members of the Methodist church asked me to preach for them on the following Sunday morning, and advertised the meeting. The pastor, who was off on a vacation, heard of it and took the first train home; he interviewed the members of the official board and claimed the right to fill the pulpit himself. He had been preaching but once on the Sabbath and had intended to be gone until conference. This was another instance of how preachers in the modern pulpits close the church doors to keep

their people from receiving any spiritual light or help. It is the same old spirit of the Pharisee who refuses to go into the kingdom himself or allow others to go in.

By deliberately ignoring the wishes of those who had planned for me to speak Sunday morning the preacher aroused the spirit of opposition in his people, which led to their securing the courthouse for me the next day in which to hold meetings.

One of my sisters living at Paris was a fashionable dressmaker; during this meeting she was reclaimed and went out of the dressmaking business altogether. There was no little commotion when she sent back to the women of fashion their goods untouched. This was used of God in advertising the meetings. No Christian can serve God acceptably and make clothing for the peacocks of fashion.

There were nearly one hundred persons at the first service, and from this number the attendance increased to about four hundred. The people said that this city, called the Paris of America, had not had such an awakening in years. I prayed that the men who had granted me the privilege of holding the meeting in the

courthouse might be kept from closing the doors against me. When one of my sisters and I were talking the matter over, she pointed to a policeman standing by the door of the post office and said, "Do you see that man? He has no use for the Protestant religion, and if he happens to object to this meeting he will stop it. He has been here twenty-seven years and rules like a king in this city. The colored people are so afraid of him they run when they see his dogs coming around the corner."

I had an unsaved brother in Paris for whom I was praying. He was mixed up in county politics, and was then running for office. For his sake and the good I could do I prayed for the policeman who could close the doors of the courthouse against me if he chose to do so. We were looking any hour for him to make a protest against our meetings being held any longer. As he passed by the door on a certain day, I felt that God would not permit him to interfere, however unfriendly he might be, and said so. That night he went to bed, and about four o'clock the next morning his wife was awakened by the death rattle in his throat. She hastened to the telephone and

called a physician, but before he arrived her husband was dead. The last words he had spoken before retiring were to his dogs. Nearly the whole city and country turned out to the funeral. Thus the book of this man's life was suddenly closed. "Ye shall not be afraid of the face of man; for the judgment is God's" (Deut. 1:17). "They gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous, and condemn the innocent blood. But the Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge. And he shall bring upon them their own iniquity, and shall cut them off in their own wickedness; yea, the Lord our God shall cut them off" (Ps. 94:21-23).

The news of our meeting spread all over the country. Especially were the people under conviction at Millersburg, where was located the female college I had attended before going to Montana.

A few days after my return to Denver the program for the Fourth of July (1901) holiness convention was announced. Six years before, the Lord had used me in launching out this Fourth of July feature of the holiness work in Colorado, and up to this time I had planned

the camp meetings and the Fourth of July conventions and attended them all. This meeting was to be held at Pleasant View where we had held our first holiness camp meeting.

The Rev. J. A. DaFoe, the treasurer of the Holiness Association, took it upon himself to print the handbills announcing this convention. It was my husband's work as secretary to print bills, but Mr. DaFoe printed them so as to leave my name off, as it was afterwards learned. It was no surprise to me that he would do this. I was fully aware of the underhanded schemes by which he sought to obtain leadership in the Association. It was only an outward manifestation of what had been in his heart ever since I had known him. The Lord permitted this, to show that there must be a separation from those who were trying to destroy all that I did. Of this company, J. A. DaFoe was the chief actor.

While I waited on the Lord He came to me with the sweet assurance that His will was being wrought out in my life, and that the treatment received at the hands of false professors was to be used in bringing sunshine and rain to develop the fruit of the Spirit in

the garden of my soul as well as to enlarge the field of my labors. The great battle of my Christian ministry had been fought at Pleasant View, where I had many spiritual children. This was the birthplace of the holiness movement in Colorado. The fight was not against me, but against my Lord. While passing through the fires of persecution there were times when the physical strain was so great it would have put me in the grave if God had not undertaken for me. But when I had reached the limit of endurance, He would renew my strength. He was preparing the way for a much greater work than I had anticipated, and was permitting me to suffer in order to teach me the things that were so necessary for me to know.

Those who were ambitious for leadership compromised with the worldly churches and their dignitaries, but I determined that they should not submerge me in the mire again, and on one occasion I spent forty-eight hours in fasting and prayer. The most unspeakable joy filled my soul when as the result Jesus revealed himself to me in the relationship of the heavenly Bridegroom. Some things I kept in my own

heart, knowing my loved ones and others could not comprehend them.

My soul overflowed with the joy of salvation and out of the depths of my heart I cried, "O Thou matchless Christ! Every day will I bless Thee, and I will praise Thy name forevermore. 'Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.' 'He will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness.' How glad I am that Thou hast kept me from compromising and enabled me to take the crucifixion route! How glorious to die to all selfish ambitions and have but one desire—to honor and glorify Thy great name!"

"Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head: for yet my prayer also shall be in their calamities" (Ps. 141:5). The strokes that have been laid heavily upon me have only proved a kindness and an excellent oil, for it was then that my Beloved drew me into the secret chamber where His words were sweeter to my soul than honey and the honeycomb.

The severest wounds were made by those

who were once truly the Lord's but had lost His anointing, and still maintained a profession. Whatever attitude they assumed toward holiness, they were its bitterest foes. People of this character, like Joseph's brethren, will put the object of their jealousy into a pit and sit down to eat bread; but God has said, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." The treatment that Joseph received from his brethren proved a blessing to him in the end, yea, it was the doorway to the throne.

The Psalmist said his "prayer should be in their calamities."

While we do not ask God to destroy people, we do ask Him to lay His hand upon those who hinder His work, and He did this to the enemies of holiness at this Fourth of July convention. Within three months five officers of the Association were lying at death's door at the same time, and another reaping an experience of disappointment too bitter to be told. These, and some other chastisements that followed, were clearly sent in punishment for the course they had taken against God's cause and those whom He had chosen to stand in the

breach. The Psalmist said, "Am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee? ... I count them mine enemies." Persons who try to lower the standard of holiness until it is not effective, if they ever have been converted, have lost salvation and become the enemies of the Cross.

Soon after returning from Kentucky I had to give up the mission hall on Larimer Street. While some people looked upon this as an evidence of God's displeasure, I knew that His hand was in it to bring about greater enlargement for the work. I had the help of the Lord then in securing a large gospel tent and putting it up at Twenty-third and California Streets where I preached every evening. There were as many as seven hundred people in one service, and many others standing outside the tent.

It was here that our people began to take their freedom in the services. The opposition that their demonstrations aroused from cold-hearted professors was used of the Lord to greatly enhance His cause. Old formalities were broken up and saints praised the Lord and leaped for joy.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the

Lord" (Ps. 150:6). Volumes have been written on the illustrious author of this text, but only a few have even a slight conception of the magnitude of "the blessing" that caused the words. If every living creature could use its breath audibly in praising Him "that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," the half could not be told.

The Psalmist calls on the angels, and all the host of heaven, the sun, moon, and stars, and the "heaven of heavens" to praise the Lord. There is nothing so becoming to a saint as praise. He who has been created in the image of God, for a little time lower than the angels, and redeemed from sin, should show forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvelous light, and made us "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." "Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints."

Angels can never join in the song of the redeemed. This privilege belongs alone to the saints who "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." O glory! Glory be to God! "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

"There was no arm to save, there was no eye to pity,
Until Jesus our Savior from glory came down;
He was mighty to save, He was strong to deliver,
He has brought us salvation, a robe, and a crown.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Sing the triumphant strain;
Hallelujah for the blood, and the Lamb that was slain!"

Jesus stood in our place as a condemned criminal before the bar of eternal justice. "The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Though we were doomed for perdition and merited nothing, He broke the yoke, snapped the fetters, and let us go free. Should we not use every faculty of our beings to His glory and praise?

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" The very best that one can render unto Him is small: "Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their king. Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp. For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people" (Ps. 149:2-4).

The world is waxing old like a garment. Satan has had it clothed in mourning for the past six thousand years, but the time has come for the saints to lift up their heads and rejoice.

for their redemption and the restoration of all things draweth near.

"The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice. My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away" (Cant. 2:8-10).

The heavenly Bridegroom will soon come down on a white cloud and take away His Bride. He has been watching her from the lattice-work of His windows as she has toiled in His vineyard under the burning rays of a meridian sun. She is the *sunburnt* maiden, who has won the heart of the King and will sit with Him on the throne in His millennial glory. He has heard her sighs and counted her tears and looked upon her in tenderness and compassion when thorns were pricking her tender flesh. He has heard the scoffs and jeers of her persecutors, and they will soon receive a just retribution. A great, loving hand has reached down and drawn the cruel arrows from her heart, wiped away the blood drops and poured in a

soothing balm. Who shall forbid her to rejoice in the sunshine of His love? Well may the poet sing:

"His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice:
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

"Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind."

It matters but little whether we please others, so long as the smile of the love-beaming eye of Jesus is upon us. "The winter is past, . . . the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle (dove) is heard in our land" (Cant. 2:11, 12). Every sanctified heart is like the springtime with beautiful flowers, singing birds, rippling waters, and cooing doves. This experience is a miniature millennium within the soul. The Bridegroom comes like a young hart skipping over the hills, and then like a dove nestles down deep in the soul, where He coos to His beloved.

Some bright day Jesus will come over the eastern hills, swifter than the morning light, wrapped in the fleecy clouds of His glory. The Bride will hear His voice like that of a dove calling for her mate, saying, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." The bars of the tomb will burst; the members of the Bride, both the dead and living, will be changed in the twinkling of an eye and fly away to meet Him in the clouds. He will bring His beloved to the banqueting house, and His banner over her will be love. "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints" (Rev. 19:7-8). She will sit down in His shadow with great delight, and His fruit will be sweet to the taste (Cant. 2:3).

While the orchestras of the skies are playing their rapturous strains, the premillennial judgments will be sweeping the earth. Myriads of the ungodly, left in this world, clad in the armor of death, will be used as the devil's instrumentalities in the tribulation wars. Jesus

said, "Except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." Then "shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken" (Matt. 24:29). Should our hearts not melt in gratitude to Him who has made it possible for us to escape all these things?

The Bridegroom soon is coming,
The springtime now is here;
The birds their songs are singing,
The turtle doves appear;
My heart with love is pining
To meet Him in the air;
To be with Him I'm longing,
In that bright land so fair.

Rise up, rise up, my fair one,
And do not long delay;
Rise up, rise up, my fair one,
And come, O come away.

O tell me not of crosses,
Or burdens hard to bear;
My mouth is filled with praises.
I've cast on Him my care;
Ofttimes when I am weary
He tells me of His grace;

When days are dark and dreary,
I see His smiling face.

Through lattice work He's looking
Upon His faithful Bride,
To her His secrets telling,
In whom He doth confide;
Behold, He cometh leaping
And skipping o'er the hills,
I hear Him gently calling,
His love my spirit thrills.

The mountain peaks are glowing
With heaven's golden light;
The bridal train is coming
On clouds of snowy white;
Oh, I will soon be going,
The time will not be long;
For me the Bridegroom's calling
To meet the heavenly throng.

The ungodly will weep and wail and gnash their teeth and cry for the rocks and hills to fall on them, but it will be too late for their deliverance. "And they cast dust on their heads, and cried, weeping and wailing, saying, Alas, alas that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness! for in one hour is she made desolate. Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her . . . And the light of a

candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee: for thy merchants were the great men of the earth; for by thy sorceries were all nations deceived. And in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth" (Rev. 18:19-24).

While the marriage supper is in progress somewhere in the firmament, another supper will be taking place in the earth. And an angel standing in the sun will cry with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, "Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God; that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great" (Rev. 19:17, 18).

Here is a most awful picture of the tribulation wars. The world is so corrupt now that it is almost impossible to live in it. What will it be when the voice of the Bride and the Bridegroom are no longer heard in it, and these fowls—devils, the black vultures from the pit

—are filling their filthy stomachs with the flesh of human beings? One will surely have to suffer a martyr's death if one escapes hell then and gains heaven. If the chilling winds of carnality have such a deadening influence on the soul now, how will it be when this carnival of the pit is in full force? How unspeakable should be our joy when we think of the possibility of escaping it and sitting down at the marriage supper of the Lamb!

This earth is the purchased possession of the Son of God, who carries the title deed; but ever since the king of darkness placed his cloven hoof on its virgin soil, it has been in rebellion against Him.

The first king and queen were captured in the Garden of Eden and a generation of murderers was brought forth; and from that time to the present there has been one continuous record of crime. But the long, dark night of sin is fast coming to a close, when the discordant voices from rebellious hearts, corrupt governments, and apostate churches shall forever be silenced. The time-honored empires and kingdoms will crumble and fall, and crowns will be snatched from the heads of their incumbents.

The blood of martyrs will be avenged, and their murderers assigned to the vales of eternal despair. Then will the black catalog of crime be wiped out forever.

Zechariah's prophecy will be fulfilled (14:-4): "And his feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem." John said, "I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand . . . . And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, . . . . and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth" (Rev. 14:1-3). This company is Jesus and the Bride who flew up to meet Him in the clouds, and is now returning with her divine Spouse from the banqueting chamber, where the nuptials have been celebrated. She is "the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband" (Rev. 21:2).

Paul speaks of a resurrection that is out from the dead (Phil. 3:10), to which he was striving to attain. This resurrection takes place

at the beginning of the premillennial judgments, at which time the living saints will be translated. "These are they which were not defiled with women." The fallen Church is represented in the Bible by a woman who has broken wedlock. The hundred and forty and four thousand were not defiled by her. "These were redeemed from among men, being the firstfruits unto God and to the Lamb."

Many deceived persons think they can affiliate with the backslidden Church that has long since broken spiritual wedlock and been married to the world, and still belong to the bridehood. This is a delusion of the devil. It is unreasonable and utterly impossible to support her institutions, walk in her streets, peer in at her windows, and drink of the wine cup of her fornications without being contaminated. Yet multitudes are affiliating with her and vainly imagine that they are the chosen ones. It could not be said of such, "In their mouth was found no guile," or that they were without fault before the throne of God (Rev. 14).

When the first king and queen stepped out on this newly created sphere, there was no spot to mar its beauty; but they plunged it and their

posterity into a long, black night, with crimes too dark to be depicted by word or pen. Adam the first was a failure, but Jesus Christ, the second Adam, has undertaken the redemption of the world. He will woo His Bride, slay His antagonist, sit down on the throne of His father David, and rule the world in righteousness. "And it shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem; half of them toward the former sea. . . . And the Lord shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one" (Zech. 14:8, 9).

"My mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept" (Cant. 1:6). "Hearken, O daughter; . . . . forget also thine own people, and thy father's house" (Ps. 45:10).

Of necessity the Bride of Christ is pressed into fields of labor that she never would have had to enter if her mother's (church's) children had kept the faith and helped to bear the burden and the heat of the day. They are looking after their worldly interests and commending themselves with works of self-righteous-

ness; they feel no need of the sanctifying blood of the Lamb. At the same time jealousies arise and their sacrifices are rejected. They are not righteous, and, as did Cain, they would kill their brother.

Fallen Adam is carnality, diametrically opposed to holiness. What a hideous monster! He is a fugitive in a pugilistic attitude, with wrinkled brow, darkened countenance, firmly set teeth, clenched fists, and hardened muscles. He came from the regions of night, forced his way into the fair garden of the soul, and fouled the lilies of purity under his feet. Here he has barred the doors and reigns supreme. His only conqueror is Adam the second (Christ), who, if you yield to Him, will enter the gateway of your soul, search the secret chamber and bind the strong man and spoil his goods (Matt. 12:29). These goods are the works of the flesh: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, strife, sedition, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, etc. Cain, a true symbol of the flesh, brought an offering without blood, and was not accepted. Abel, symbolizing the new man, brought the

sacrificial lamb, and the Lord had respect unto his offering. "Without the shedding of blood is no remission" of sins.

Carnal religion has no blood in it; therefore its ambassadors are enemies to the cross of Christ. Isaac was the child of promise. Ishmael, who was born after the flesh persecuted him who was born after the Spirit; even so it is now. "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other" (Gal. 5:17). Sarah, who symbolizes the true Church, said that the son of the bondwoman should not be heir with her son. Isaac symbolizes the new birth; Ishmael, the "old man," or depravity. Ishmael mocked Isaac and was cast out on the weaning day. The time comes in the experience of every regenerated person when the carnal nature must die, or the result is spiritual death to him who retains it in his heart. Had Ishmael been permitted to stay in the home of Abraham, he would have killed Isaac.

Jacob crossed his hands and blest Ephraim, the younger son of Joseph. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and Jacob, the younger, obtained the inheritance. Then

Esau sought to kill Jacob. Adam the first forfeited his right to an inheritance, selling this world and humanity out to the devil. Adam the second redeemed it with His own blood, but the son of Belial, firmly intrenched in his stronghold in the human heart, refuses to relinquish his claim and obstinately contests every inch of the ground. Through the long battle of centuries, rivers of blood have flowed and mountains of the dead have been heaped up. Multiplied millions have gone down under the stroke of the grim monster, and are now in the flames of perdition, where the Bible says they will be the victims of torment forever.

The bands are playing funeral notes: slowly moves the procession behind livery draped in black, bearing the remains of a departed soul to the city of the dead. The body is consigned to the earth, attendants stand with heads bared, while the minister repeats, "Earth to earth and dust to dust." Flowers are placed upon the bier, and a few words of consolation are spoken to the friends in mourning.

In the meantime the spiritual eye pierces the blackness of night and sees a lost soul just entering the reality of an eternity in hell. De-

mons taunt him in their frenzy. He shrieks and groans, vainly trying to release himself from his tormentors, but it is too late. He refused to let "old Adam" die despite the direct command to "put off the old man with his deeds." He clung to him to the end and in so doing sealed his own doom, and now in the pit of dark despair he breathes the foul, pestilential breath of drunkards, harlots, murderers, and suicides. There is nothing for him but remorse, for there is no repentance in hell! It is too late! He rejected mercy and the die is cast! The door is forever closed, and the soul is left in hopeless despair.

### THE SINNER'S DOOM

The day of wrath is near at hand.
  When wicked men shall fear
The name of Jesus, crucified,
  Whose words they would not hear.
A time of trouble it shall be,
  When men for help shall call,
And smite their breasts and cry aloud,
  "O mountains, on us fall!"

"Too late, too late!" our Lord will say,
  "This is the day of doom;
For all who have the cross refused,
  In heav'n there is no room;

For you they crowned My head with thorns,
For you they pierced My side,
You spurned My love from day to day,
My name you have denied."

In hell the rich man called for help;
Alas! it was too late,
And all who like the rich man die
Must share his awful fate.
He lived for self, and self alone,
And in his sins he died;
In hell he lifted up his eyes—
"Send Lazarus," he cried.

Down in that world of dark despair
There's not a ray of light;
For darkness shrouds the souls of men
In hell's eternal night.
O look to Him, lost ones, today,
His blood can make you free;
He is the refuge of the soul,
For mercy to Him flee.

## CHAPTER XXI

### On the Pacific Coast—Tokens of God's Favor—Organization of Pillar of Fire Church.

CTOBER 3, 1901, in the afternoon, the Lord spoke to me telling me to visit the missionaries at Cheyenne, Wyoming; and in less than two hours I was off. Our missionary headquarters there had been moved, and I did not have the address. I made a few inquiries, but found no one who was able to give me any information. It was after ten o'clock and the weather was cold and damp and I was getting chilly. After having walked blocks trying to find the place, I stopped and asked the Lord to direct my steps. I started in the opposite direction and walked straight to the mission hall. The Lord wonderfully blest this visit in the salvation of souls.

Three days after reaching Cheyenne, while

I was alone in prayer, suddenly the well of salvation in my heart began to overflow. With it came the evidence that the Lord had planned an evangelistic trip for me by way of Butte, Montana, to the Pacific coast. I had no money with which to make the trip; however, I had the assurance that it would be on hand in a few days. Five days later I received a postal card from Jonas Peterson, pastor of the Butte mission, telling me that he had sent the money to Denver for my expenses to Butte. He knew nothing of what the Lord had shown me in regard to this trip, but as everything was working harmoniously and the mission was in a prosperous condition he felt that I should come and enjoy the fruit of my labors for a time.

I started on my journey, October 16, arriving at Butte two days later. The Lord wonderfully blest my labors during the next two weeks. I said nothing to anyone about going on to the Pacific coast and was wondering how the way would be opened, when Sister Julia Peterson, wife of the pastor, asked me if I would go to California with her. She said her husband would pay for our tickets. Of course I told her I would be glad to go.

I had long desired a voyage on the ocean, but had said nothing about it. A few hours before we were to leave, Brother Peterson asked me if I would prefer to go from Portland to San Francisco by water. I told him I would be delighted to do so. He went to the ticket office and arranged for our transportation on the Columbia, an ocean steamer, from Portland, Oregon, to San Fancisco.

Before leaving Montana other persons put enough money into my hands to pay additional expenses on the trip. At Dillon, seventy miles south of Butte, I found my sister and her four children at the station waiting to see me. Dale, her six-year-old boy, who had broken one of his arms a few days before, brought me a basket containing an abundance of food for the journey to Portland. This was a touching scene. I felt it was a token from the Lord that He would supply all my needs according to His riches in glory. When the train started, a Christian brother handed me four silver dollars.

Two mornings later our train was running along by the beautiful Columbia River, within one hundred miles of Portland. The mountain scenery on each side of this river was beyond

description, and the luxuriant vegetable growth added to its charms. My soul was full of the music of heaven. I could find no words adequate to give expression to my feelings.

Before reacing Portland, Sister Peterson and her infant child both became ill from the motion of the train. Neither of us knew anyone at Portland, but I asked the Lord to have some follower of Christ who was interested in work similar to that in which I was engaged meet us at the train, and received the assurance that my prayer would be answered. When we reached the station I saw no one to whom I felt impressed to speak except a policeman. I approached him and made inquiries about the hotels, telling him we wanted to find a quiet, respectable place, where the charges would be reasonable. I told him I was an evangelist preaching holiness. He said, "I am interested in the holiness work myself." We found him to be a Christian who had secured his office in answer to prayer, that he might have the opportunity to help people who arrived at this station from all parts of the world, many of whom were strangers. In less than twenty minutes he had put us on a street car, and we were going to

his quiet little home on the outskirts of the city, where his wife received us with great kindness and hospitality.

This station policeman was the leader of a weekly holiness meeting held in the neighborhood of his home. At noon he was off duty, and at three o'clock, in company with him and his wife, I attended his holiness meeting, which he asked me to lead. Homes were opened to us, and the people showed us great kindness. The following evening I preached in the Free Methodist church; at the close of the service the people insisted on taking a freewill offering for me. When some of these good people bade us good-by the next evening at the steamer dock, it was like parting with old friends. The three days' stay in Portland will ever be one of the bright spots cherished in my memory.

While the Columbia moved slowly out into he river, my thoughts turned toward home and oved ones and the possibility of never seeing hem again; yet I felt as secure as a bird in the left of a rock. We reached Astoria the next iorning, where our ship waited for daylight nd high tide before crossing the bar at the iouth of the Columbia River. Here, as I

stepped out on deck, my eyes beheld the wonders of God's handiwork, which would exhaust the descriptive powers of the most gifted writer. A wonderful picture met my gaze. The river was dotted all over with vessels of every description, lying at anchor or plying the water midst flying sea gulls. Beautiful mountain scenery was on both sides, with the great Pacific lying out in full view before me.

As the waves broke against our vessel when we were crossing the bar, I thought of the stream of life on which I had sailed for fourteen years after my conversion, before reaching the turbulent waters of consecration and sailing out into the great ocean of God's infinite love, the height, depth, and breadth of which cannot be measured.

The Psalmist said, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are

at their wits' end" (Ps. 107:23-27). The fulfillment of this scripture was actually before my eyes. There were persons who staggered like drunken men and some of them fell on the steamer decks and lay there until they were carried inside.

I saw the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep, which had been verified spiritually in my Christian experience nine years before, when I was sanctified. The great breakers lifted our vessel toward the heavens; then she would go down again into the depths. I had prayed that the Lord would not let my trip be spoiled by seasickness and had received the evidence that I should have the desire of my heart; and while others were lying prostrate on the floor or their beds, dreadfully nauseated, requiring the assistance of the attendants, I was perfectly enraptured with the wonders of the ocean. In the afternoon I began to feel some of the symptoms of seasickness, enough to convince me that I should be no better than the others if my trust were not in God. I went down to the dining salon, but could eat no food. The waiters looked at one another as much as to say, "She will not be down again

soon." Some of them had marveled that I had kept up while others were so ill. I told them I was trusting the Lord to keep me well. Not being able to eat I was fearfully buffeted by the enemy, but, determined not to let go my hold on God's promises, I went to my stateroom and asked the Lord, just for His glory, to keep me from getting any worse. In ten minutes every symptom of illness was gone and I was troubled no more during the voyage.

About three o'clock the third morning we were nearing the Golden Gate, lights were glimmering along the shore, and there was nothing to hinder our immediate entrance to the port. I arose and dressed long before the break of day, and sat looking out at a window, while Sister Peterson and her little daughter slept. The view of San Francisco, a city of nearly four hundred thousand people, beautifully lighted, made an impressive picture. I thought of the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God. There, amidst the roaring of the waves, I had a revelation of God's glory which almost overwhelmed me. I was given a slight idea of what it will be at the end of life's journey.

"When the old Ship of Zion shall make her last trip,
I want to be there, I do;
With heads all uncovered to greet the old ship,
I want to be there, don't you?
When all the ship's company meet on the strand,
I want to be there, I do;
With songs on their lips and with harps in their hands,
I want to be there, don't you?

"When Jesus is crowned the King of kings,
I want to be there, I do;
With shouting and clapping till all heaven rings,
I want to be there, don't you?
Halelujah! we'll shout again and again,
I want to be there, I do;
And close with the chorus, Amen and Amen,
I want to be there, don't you?"

The Columbia was docked at seven o'clock in the morning and in a few hours we had crossed the bay and were located in the home of a saintly old lady in Oakland. Here we stayed for three days before leaving for San Jose, the "garden spot of the Coast." I was told it was also the "Gomorrah of the Coast." I certainly could not do justice in trying to give the reader even a slight description of the beauty of this almost tropical city, with its great palm trees, its flowers and fruits, that met my vision everywhere. The roses and calla lilies,

favorites of almost everyone, grew in great profusion. Some houses were almost smothered with trailing vines and roses in full bloom.

On Friday afternoon Sister Peterson and I were walking up one of the main streets of the city in the direction of a hall where we were expecting to attend a meeting, when I caught the eye of a man who had a candy stand on the corner. He came running after me calling, "Madam, madam, are you not from Colorado?" He was trembling with excitement. I told him that I was from Denver. I did not recognize him at first. He said, "We lived near you in a little terrace facing the alley in West Denver. My wife attended your meetings. She was taken sick and given up to die by physicians and you prayed with her and the Lord healed her. Oh, she must see you! She will be delighted to know you are here."

After the service I met Earl, the nineteen-year-old son of this man, who was as much excited as his father. He said, "You are going to see Mother, and I must go with you; I want to see what she will do." His mother was almost overcome with joy. They lived in an apartment house where there were a num-

ber of other families, among them Rev. Mr. Matthews and his wife, leaders of the Florence Crittenden mission. Mrs. Matthews was called and my friends introduced me to her. I was asked to preach in the mission the next evening, and this resulted in an invitation to conduct a ten days' revival meeting.

It was about five days before the real break came in the meeting, after which the altar was filled with seekers at almost every service and souls were liberated with shouts of victory that brought people from the streets and clerks from the stores. They filled the aisle and stood looking with wonder on the scene at the altar. A middle-aged man who drove in from Santa Clara every evening said he had been praying for three years for a revival of true religion in San Jose. When the outlook was the least encouraging he would say, "Soon the cannon balls of salvation will be rolling up and down these streets." All may not have the gift of preaching, but everyone can pray for a revival as this man did. There are only a few people to be found anywhere who prevail with God for souls.

After an absence of nearly two months, I

reached Denver on the 12th of December, having seen many old-time conversions, and having traveled four thousand five hundred miles.

During the weeks of my absence the Lord spoke to me definitely about organizing an independent church. The difficulties of such an undertaking were inconceivably great, especially since my husband and many of our people thought it would be a great mistake. The experience I had had in missions where false shepherds would use every available means to carry off the lambs—capture my converts—was sufficient to show me what we should have to contend with in taking a definite step toward organization. For years I had faithfully preached against the apostasy of the old denominations, and God's word had been hammering in pieces the rock, and much of the opposition to an independent society had given way among our patrons, even though there were still mountains of difficulty to be removed. To delay now when the crisis had come I knew would be perilous. I had asked the Lord many times to put me in a hard place if He could trust me, but when I prayed this way I had but little comprehension of what would be involved.

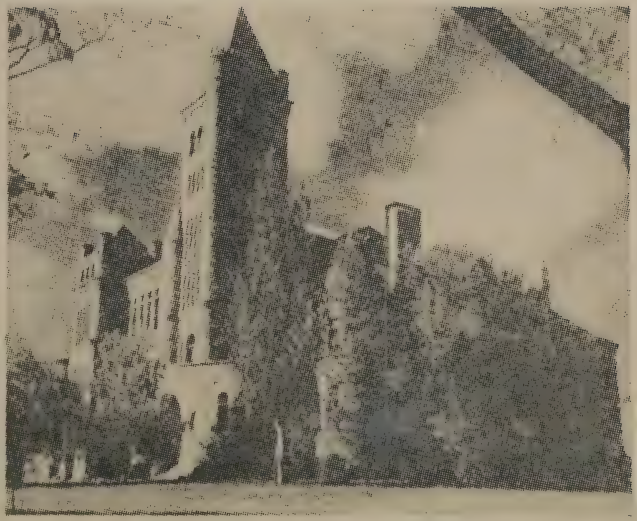
The question of how to save those who were converted under my ministry had been a great problem for seven years. In spite of all efforts to keep them satisfied with mere membership in the missions where most of them had been converted, some had been persuaded by false shepherds that this was not sufficient and were drawn away into the cold, formal churches where they soon died spiritually.

When I spoke to our people about organizing, I found that a few of them were prepared and waiting for it, while others were on the fence, halting between two opinions. Some who had clear light drew back and stayed with the dead mother from whose breast they could get no nourishment.

Two weeks after my return from the Coast, fifty persons were ready to cooperate with me and unite with the new church, the organization of which was effected December 29, 1901. Two years later (1903) a four-and-a-half story building for a Bible school and church auditorium was erected at 1845 Champa Street, Denver. In 1906 operations were begun in New Jersey, where later grew up the national headquarters of our organization.

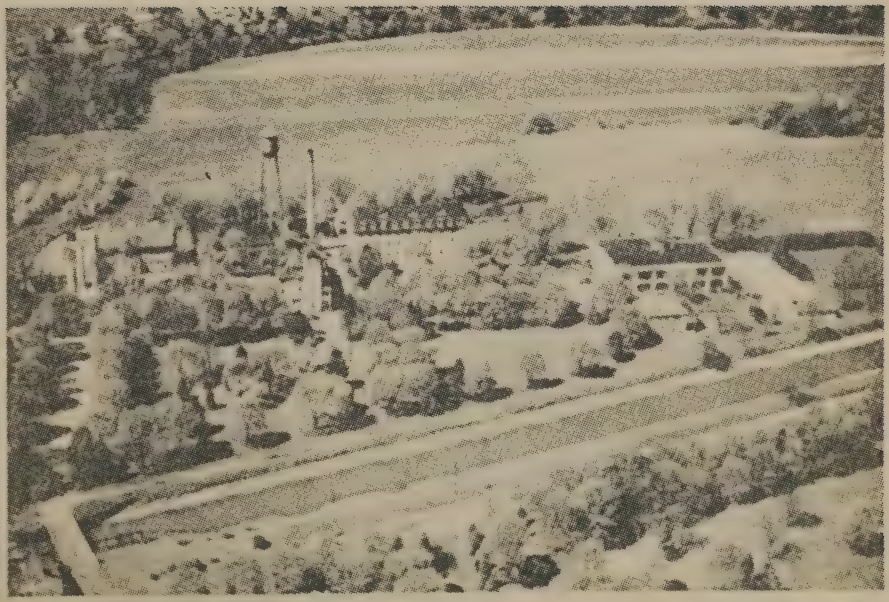
MEMORIAL HALL, 1845 CHAMPA ST., DENVER, COLO.

ALMA TEMPLE, 13th AND SHERMAN, DENVER, COLORADO



BELLEVIEW COLLEGE, DENVER

CARMEL CHURCH, SOUTH LOGAN STREET, DENVER



AERIAL VIEW OF ZAREPHATH, NEW JERSEY—HEADQUARTERS OF PILLAR OF FIRE

200 11th St. S. E. WASHINGTON, D. C

CHURCH & SCHOOL, 42nd AND BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA, PA

CHURCH, NORTH FIGUEROA STREET, LOS ANGELES

# *Titles in this Series*

1. *The American Deaconess Movement in the Early Twentieth Century*
   Edited with an Introduction by Carolyn De Swarte Gifford

   a. Horton, Isabelle. *The Burden of the City*, New York: 1904

   b. "The Early History of Deaconess Work and Training Schools for Women in American Methodism, 1883–1885." Detroit c. 1912.

2. *The American Ideal of the "True Woman" as Reflected in Advice Books to Young Women*
   Edited with an Introduction by Carolyn De Swarte Gifford

   a. Wise, Daniel. *Bridal Greetings, A Mariage Gift in Which the Mutual Duties of Husband and Wife Are Familiarly Illustrated and Enforced.* New York: 1854.

   b. Wise, Daniel. *The Young Lady's Counsellor; Or, Outlines and Illustrations of the Sphere, the Duties, and the Dangers of Young Women.* New York: 1855.

3. *The Debate in the Methodist Episcopal Church Over Laity Rights for Women*

Edited with an Introduction by Carolyn De Swarte Gifford

a. Buckley, James Monroe. "Because They Are Women, and Other Editorials From the Christian Advocate on the Admission of Women to the General Conference." New York: 1891.

b. Hughey, George W. *The Admission of Women to the General Conference: A Reply to Dr. Buckley's Pamphlet "Because They Are women."* Chicago: 1891

c. Kynett, Alpha J. "Our Laity and Their Equal Rights Without Distinction of Sex in the Methodist Episcopal Church." Cincinnati: 1896

d. Palmer, Willis. "Are Women Eligible as Lay Delegates to the General Conference?" New Richmond, Ohio: 1888.

4. *The Defense of Women's Rights to Ordination in the Methodist Episcopal Church*
Edited with an Introduction by Carolyn De Swarte Gifford

a. Willard, Francis E. *Woman in the Pulpit.* Chicago: 1889.

b. Warren, William Fairfield. "The Dual Human Unit: The Relations of Men and Women According to the Sociological Teachings of Holy Scripture" in *Constitutional Law Questions Now Pending in the*

*Methodist Episcopal Church*. Cincinnati: 1894.

5. *The Ideal of "The New Woman" According to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union*
   Edited with an Introduction by Carolyn De Swarte Gifford

   a. Willard, Francis E. *How to Win: A Book for Girls*. New York: 1886.

   b. Willard, Francis E. *Do Everything: A Handbook for the World's White Ribboners*. Chicago: c. 1895.

   c. Willard, Francis E. *Home Protection Manual: Containing an Argument for the Temperance Ballot for Women and How to Obtain It as a Means of Home Protection*. New York: 1879.

6. *The Nineteenth-Century American Preacher's Wife*
   Edited with an Introduction by Carolyn De Swarte Gifford

   a. Eaton, Herrick M. *The Itinerant's Wife: Her Qualifications, Duties, Trials, and Rewards*. New York: 1851

   b. Tucker, Mary Orne. *Itinerant Preaching in the Early Days of Methodism*. Boston: 1872.

7. John Holmes Acornley. *The Colored Lady Evangelist, Being the Life, Labors and Experiences of Mrs. Harriet A. Baker*. Brooklyn: 1892

8. C. W. Andrews. *Memoir of Mrs. Ann R. Page.* New York: 1856.

9. Francis J. Baker. *The Story of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1869–1895.* Cincinnati: 1896.

10. Joanna Bethune. *The Power of Faith, Exemplified in the Life and Writings of the Late Mrs. Isabella Graham.* New York: 1843.

11. George Brown. *The Lady Preacher: Or, the Life and Labors of Mrs. Hannah Reeves, Late the Wife of the Rev. William Reeves of the Methodist Church.* Springfield, Ohio: 1870.

12. Oswald E. Brown and Anna M. Brown. *Life and Letters of Laura Askew Haygood.* Nashville: 1904.

13. Fanny Jackson–Coppin. *Reminiscences of School Life, and Hints on Teaching.* Philadelphia: 1913.

14. John O. Foster. *Life and Labors of Mrs. Maggie Newton Van Cott, the First Lady Licensed to Preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.* Cincinnati: 1872.

15. Marietta Holley. *Samantha Among the Brethren, By Josiah Allen's Wife.* New York: 1890.

16. Isabelle Horton. *High Adventure: Life of Lucy Rider Meyer.* New York: 1928.

17. Sarah R. Ingraham. *Walks of Usefulness. Or, Reminiscences of Mrs. Margaret Prior.* New York: 1843.

18. James D. Knowles. *Memoir of Mrs. Ann H. Judson, Late Missionary to Burmah. Including a History of the American Baptist Mission in the Burman Empire.* Boston: 1831.

19. Mrs. Robert W. MacDonell. *Belle Harris Bennett, Her Life Work.* Nashville: 1928.

20. Helen Barrett Montgomery. *Western Women in Eastern Lands. An Outline Study of Fifty Years of Woman's Work in Foreign Missions.* New York: 1910.

21. Elizabeth Mason North. *Consecrated Talents: Or, the Life of Mrs. Mary W. Mason.* New York: 1870.

22. George L. Prentiss. *The Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss.* New York: 1882.

23. Lydia Sexton. *Autobiography of Lydia Sexton. The Story of Her Life Through a Period of Over Seventy-Two Years from 1799–1872. Her Early Privations, Adventures, and Reminiscences.* Dayton, Ohio: 1882.

24. Sarah Sleeper. *Memoir of the Late Martha Hazeltine Smith.* Boston: 1843.

25. Amanda Berry Smith. *An Autobiography. The Story of the Lord's Dealings with Mrs. Amanda Smith, the Colored Evangelist, Containing an Account of Her Life Work of Faith, and Her Travels in America, England, Ireland, Scotland, India and Africa, as an Independent Missionary.* Chicago: 1893.

26. Lee Anna Starr. *The Bible Status of Woman.* New York: 1926.

27. Abel Stevens. *The Women of Methodism: Its Three Foundresses, Susanna Wesley, The Countess of Huntingdon, and Barbara Heck; with Sketches of Their Female Associates and Successors in the Early History of the Denomination.* New York: 1869.

28. Clara A. Swain. *A Glimpse of India, Being a Collection of Extracts from the Letters of Dr. Clara A. Swain, First Medical Missionary to India of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.* New York: 1909.

29. James Mills Thoburn. *Life of Isabella Thoburn.* New York: 1903.

30. Alexander Harrison Tuttle, ed. *Mary Porter Gamewell and Her Story of the Siege in Peking.* New York: 1907.

31. Uldine Utley. *Why I Am a Preacher. A Plain Answer to an Oft-Repeated Question*. New York: 1931.

32. Alma White. *Looking Back from Beulah*. Zarephath, New Jersey: 1902.

33. Mary Culler White. *The Portal of Wonderland; The Life–Story of Alice Culler Cobb*. New York: c. 1925.

34. Elizabeth Wilson. *Fifty Years of Association Work Among Young Women, 1866–1916*. New York: 1916.

35. Miron Winslow. *Memoir of Mrs. Harriet L. Winslow, Thirteen Years a Member of the American Mission in Ceylon*. New York: 1840.

36. Annie Turner Wittenmeyer. *Women's Work for Jesus*. New York: 1873.

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 01056 5218

DATE DUE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | |
| | | | |
| | | | |